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The Bismarck Tribune.

Historical Society

VOL. VII. BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1880. NO. 33

NOTES AND NEWS.

—Flandreau, D. T., is flourishing.

—The Wadena hotel was burned last week.

—Theodore Tilton will lecture in Sioux Falls soon.

—Grand Forks has a new bank. The Bank of Dakota.

—The Fargo *Times* will be issued on Thursdays hereafter.

—Cass county's poor have cost the county $2.000 during the past year.

—Up at Benton they call Indian pow-wows "Sun River social parties."

—Yankton felt a slight shock like that of an earthquake on the 29th ult.

—Yankton has voted $35,000 bonds to secure a completing line of road to the city.

—Lester Turner, of Sioux Falls, was recently robbed of $15,000 at a Worthington, Minn. hotel.

—A good quality of coal has been discovered near Ft. Benton on the north side of the Missouri.

—Pembina is to have a new four run of stone mill and an elevator with a capacity of 30,000 bushels.

—The prisoners of Cass County have cost the county for board during the past year about $[illegible].

—The Black Hills Daily *Herald* is the first newspaper office in the Hills to use steam power for its presses.

—It now appears that the women belonging to the agency, captured by the Utes, were most shamefully outraged by the red devils.

—Hon. A. B. Wheelock owns a third interest in the townsite of Eden, the crossing of the Pembina and Milwaukee roads in Lincoln County.

—The Black Hills *Times* says the Northwestern and Milwaukee & St. Paul will unite at the Missouri river and build a single line of railway to the Black Hills.

—There are twenty five saloons in Cass county, of which twenty are in Fargo. An effort is being made to cut down the county license from $[illegible] to $200 per year.

—The business done at the Deadwood post office averages as follows: One thousand letters received per day, 700 pounds of newspapers received per day, amount sent away each day 800 letters, 300 pounds of newspapers, and $1,000 in money orders.—*Deadwood Press.*

—Alexander C. Young, for twenty-three years past in the employment of the government among the Indians, died at Yankton agency, Tuesday night last. He was a half breed, but spoke the English language fluently and was interpreter at that agency.—*Western Enterprise.*

BUFORD NOTES

As Gathered by "The Tribune's" Special Correspondent.

FORT BUFORD, D. T., Dec. 20.—Capt. Britton has returned from Poplar River Agency. Everything is quiet there. Paymaster Thomas is preparing for a trip to Bismarck. Will leave here accompanied by Mr. Reed, his assistant, early in January paying troops at Ft. Stevenson en route. ... Cold weather for escort duty. Stickman, at the signal office, has opened his eyes wider than usual this winter; it has been necessary in order to take in 40 degrees below zero, and what an anxious public in this vicinity is now anxious to learn is about the exact date on which we may expect that "open winter" you so graciously predicted last fall. ... Seventeen mechanics still here completing government buildings. Will leave for Bismarck early next month. Ranchmen consequently benevolent and smiling serenely. ... Christmas was duly observed by the Bufordites. There was an abundance of good cheer. The well filled tables of the boys in blue bore ample evidence of well-stocked larders, and, as is customary on this holiday, there was punch, etc., galore for the brave soldier boys. Everyone was happy, a few pecuniary so, and good nature was especially remarked on all sides. I note with pleasure that when Christmas day dawned the military guard house here was without a prisoner inmate, and during the attendant festivities and allowable relaxation from discipline, remained so, not a single soldier being confined, and up to present writing the cells and prison room are without occupants, which it is remarked is an excellent record, and speaks well for the morals of the command. Sociables and hops ... on Christmas night, the garrison ... culminated with a design to have a good time generally, and young bachelors who frequent the classic shades of "The [illegible]" were on ... bound to make their reception a complete success. The glee club, a majority of whom form the choir at the Sunday services, had ... and your correspondent has seldom participated in a more thoroughly enjoyable affair. One feature on the bill of fare was a song or ... in this, a speech from every one present. Of course this brought out some hitherto unknown talent and was highly successful as an item of entertainment. One young "cit," who is opposed, you know, just before calling on some of the fair sex, bringing down the house with a tenacious rendition of "Something to Twist in Her Hair," one such old bachelor remarking afterward that, in due course of time, the "hair twining" would not be so poetic. Several of our red brethren, in accordance with an ancient and honorable custom, came in from their hunting camp on the Yellowstone to pay their respects to the whites during the holidays. They are in high spirits and say that they have an immense lot of buffalo meat and robes. Parties from the upper Missouri state that the agency Indians, who have come in from the hunt this winter, have more robes to trade than for years past, and that the prices paid for them by the traders at Poplar River are higher than ever before, which is a very good thing for the Indians. Captain Geo. S. Hazen has received the appointment of postmaster here vice Joseph Leigh..., resigned, and will enter upon his duties the first of the new year. Sam O'Connel is his assistant, and, as "he has been there before," is known to be able and efficient. ... Mr. Geo. Sed[illegible], formerly of Miles City, now occupies the cashier's desk at Messrs. Leighton & Jordan's establishment, a welcome addition to Buford society. ... A Happy New Year for THE TRIBUNE with a speedy arrival of that open winter is sincerely solicited.

REX.

MAINE'S MIGHTY MUDDLE.

THE TWO HOUSES MEET, DO LITTLE AND ADJOURN.

The Gigantic Steal not likely to be Tolerated by the People--Only Seventy-two Republicans Seated---Injunction on the Treasurer.

Special Dispatches to The Tribune.

PAYMASTER THOMAS COMING.

FT. BUFORD, D. T., Jan. 8.—Paymaster Thomas with his assistant accompanied by an escort from the Sixth Infantry commanded by Lieut. S. W. Groesbeck, adjutant of the regiment, left this post en route to Bismarck on the 6th inst. General Thomas will pay the troops at Ft. Stevenson. Adjutant Groesbeck will go east from Bismarck on leave, urgent business calling him to his home for a few months. The remaining mechanics who have been at work on the government buildings leave here for St. Paul via Bismarck on the 10th. Mathews & Lanning's teams take them through the snow drifts.

THE MAINE MUDDLE.

AUGUSTA, Me., Jan. 9.—Both branches of the Maine Legislature assembled quietly yesterday. The crowd was greatly diminished, and the police force strong. Senator Hobson offered a resolution that a joint committee be appointed to investigate the bribery and corruption alleged, offered the Fusionists since certificates were received, and report immediately. The resolution was opposed by the Republicans, but it finally passed. The House record shows but seventy-two members seated on Wednesday. Sixty Republicans who had certificates,

OFFERED TO QUALIFY

yesterday, but acting Gov. Lawson declined to qualify them, on the ground that he did not exactly know his powers. The House then adjourned. Swan and Harriman, two Fusionists, announce that $10,000 each had been offered them by Wallace M. White. The latter emphatically denies it. The Republicans propose to get out an injunction forbidding the Treasurer to pay salaries and mileage to the members, and then bring the legality before the Supreme Court.

THE STRIKING BUTCHERS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—An open air meeting of the striking butchers was held at Dexter Park yesterday. Ten thousand were present and it was resolved to stick together.

A GRAVE CHARGE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9.—Claude B. Fisk, one of the board of Indian Commissioners, will bring before the board to-day charges against Hayt that he shielded the irregularities of Agent Hart, at San Carlos agency, and went into the mining operations with Hart under another parties' name. Hayt denies the truth of the charges.

HEAVY DEFAULTER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—Benj. C. Bogart, treasurer of the New York Produce Exchange, is discovered to be a defaulter to the extent of $135,000. He died suddenly Wednesday from appoplexy, but it is now thought to have been suicide. The accounts had been investigated the day before and the startling revelations it is supposed, induced him to take his own life.

U. S. COURT AT FARGO.

Several Quite Important Cases Disposed of.

The United States district court, which has been in session at Fargo since the 2d of December last, adjourned Monday. The court was somewhat delayed by the blizzards and illness of Judge Barnes but disposed of several important and interesting cases, both criminal and civil. The first criminal case was that of Corporal Goffney, of Ft. Lincoln, charged with larceny of some of Mrs. Britton's wardrobe at Ft. Lincoln. It will be remembered Mrs. Britton was leading lady in the Reno theatrical troupe here last summer. The corporal was acquitted. Geo. P. Flannery defended.

Keith, postmaster at Casselton, was tried and convicted of forgery and embezzlement of letters, but a new trial was granted him on newly discovered evidence.

Peterson, of Painted Woods, charged with buying Indian goods, knowing them to be stolen, was convicted but with recommendation of mercy he was fined $160.

The trial of Brugier, Gen. Miles' most trusted scout, for the murder of McGee at Standing Rock, created great interest. Gen. Miles and Capt. Wm. Harmon testified as to his excellent character and valued services rendered to the United States. He was defended by Geo. P. Flannery, S. G. Comstock and W. W. Erwin, and honorably acquitted of all blame, it appearing that the killing was in self defense.

Clancey, charged with manslaughter of Gibbon on the Northern Pacific extension last summer, was tried but the jury disagreed, standing eight for acquittal and four for conviction. The facts seemed to justify him in acting in self defense, but it was unfortunate for him to be tried immediately after the Brugier case, the reaction being unfavorable.

Eddy, charged with forging Register Pugh's name to a land office receipt, was acquitted.

The Eclipse admiralty cases were heard and disposed of by Court who decided that the claims of the Pittsburgh parties for supplies and material furnished in the construction of the boat and before she was enrolled registered and had made a voyage was not of a maritime nature and could not be enforced in admiralty as a lein on the boat that admiralty courts had no jurisdiction of such claims. The claims of parties furnishing necessary supplies at Bismarck, the boat being in a foreign port, will be allowed together with the crew's claim for wages. The latter will be paid first.

It becomes more apparent as the business of the U. S. Court increases that three-fourths of the business comes from the Missouri river and that this court should be held at Bismarck. After the new court house and jail is completed there will be no excuse why this court should not be held here. It would be a great saving to the United States in expenses.

ANYTHING BUT PEM-BI-GNAW.

A Mandanites' Disgust For the Name of the New Territory.

Editor Tribune:

MANDAN, Jan. 5.—For God's sake ask, beg, implore of Judge Bennett not to do it! I mean to inflict the name of Pembina on the proposed northern territory. There is much in a name, and Shakspeare or whoever wrote it, to the contrary notwithstanding, a rose by any other name would *not* smell as sweet. Names are numberless as the sands upon the sea shore. The universe is filled with names. Why strangle the infant commonwealth with a cognomen so perfectly blasphemous in its ugliness, when euphonious, rythmic appropriate and beautiful names are so abundant. If it is desirous to perpetuate the inharmonious gutterals of the noble(?) red man, in the name of all art select one that speaks of the eternal symphonies of the woods and prairies, which embodies something of the poetry of the water fall, some music more pleasant than the howl of a hungry wolf. Pembina! Disembound the horrible word a moment—dissect and examine it. Pem-bi-na is the natural and easy mode of pronouncing it, nay, the most beautiful if it must be pronounced, and there can be any beauty wrung out of it. Pem-bi-*gnaw*! Pemmican is the food of the natives up toward Winnepeg, and the north pole and pemmican is buffalo flesh hashed, mixed with tallow (and hair) seasoned with hoar frost, and eaten with a blizzard for sauce. In other words it is *gnawed*. Here you have the true etymology of the word in all its naked beauty, *Pemmican gnawed*. Now, some damphool up there in that region of eternal ice bergs and broken thermometers (maybe John Arnold, of the *Northern Tier*) will endeavor to deny this statement, and gloss the beastly word over with poetry, tradition, romance, and all that nonsense. But the old thing won't work. If it must be Ingun let it be Yankton, Teton, Blackfoot, Flathead, Sitting Bull, anything, good Lord! anything but Pembina. But why Indian? Why not Lincoln after our martyred president; or Jefferson, to keep green in the memory of coming generations of statesmen; how men love to perpetuate the names of their fellows who have themselves been great, honorable and loving. Or Grant, after the most noted captain of his generation in the world.

In a word, why perpetuate in the name of what is to become a great and rich commonwealth a word that is uncouth, inartistic, ugly, savage, unpoetic, and will only rhyme with chaw and gnaw, and paw and saw and with a little poetic license might be even coupled with pew and Faugh! Let Judge Bennet give us a rest on Pem-bi-gnaw! Yours artistically,

F. J. M.

A GAY WEDDING.

How Young Conrad Gained and Lost a Wife.

He was a young man of thirteen years residence on the frontier. He came to Bismarck last week, and expressed a desire to wed. He wanted the soft caresses of a woman's hand and the congenial presence of a woman herself. He made known this desire to Mr. Griffin, which gentleman cheerfully agreed to arrange matters satisfactorily. Frank i-e Wasmer, arrayed in her finest garb, and with hair artistically arranged *a la Grecian*, was introduced to the young man; he was smitten; he wanted her, and the sooner the better. A prominent spirit-u-all adviser was called in, who performed the sacred duty. They were wed; good night was said, and off they went to their marriage bed. An argument here arose. The young bride was bashful and did not want the light burning while she disrobed. He was considerate, and blew out the beacon. He waited for her to say "come." He became impatient, and commenced disrobing himself. He felt his hand carefully over the couch, but, no wife. A light was lit, which revealed no sign of the missing beauty. Down stairs he went, but nothing of the young bride had been seen. Young Conrad has not yet discovered the plot, and now offers a reward for his wife's recovery.

BURLEIGH'S COURT HOUSE.

THE CONTRACT LET TO PAULY & SON, OF ST. LOUIS.

A Fire Proof Building of Fine Architectural Design to be Completed for $20,000---The Finest Building on the Northern Pacific.

A FINE BUILDING.

The tide of substantial and permanent improvements has now set in. Next year Bismarck will boom in the fullest sense of the word. The county commissioners are now in session, and have been since Monday. The most important business before the board was the letting of the contract for building the court house and jail for which proposals were invited during the three months past.

THE JOB IS LET,

and work on the building will commence in forty days. There were only three bidders, C. S. Weaver & Co's bid was $20,944 without the patent Pauly cells required by the Hussey plan adopted by the board, which would cost the county about $6,000 more. R. B. Mason had a bid of $17,476 without the cells, but the third, that of

P. J. PAULY & SON,

of $20,000 for the building complete was the lowest bid. This bid was made upon the plans and specifications of Mr. C. A. Hussey, but the following deviation has been agreed to by Mr. Chas. Wundt, agent for Pauly & Son, and the county: All the partitions in the building will be of brick instead of combustible material, and the cornices, window and door caps, etc., will be of neat fentail brick instead of wood. The cell houses are to be reduced so as to accommodate three of Pauley's patent steel-clad jail cells, and the floors are to be fire proof. These cells are now recognized to be the best in use. No one has yet got out of them except by permission. This will make a

PRACTICALLY FIRE-PROOF BUILDING.

The payments are fixed as follows: Ten thousand dollars when all the material is on the ground, foundation of the building laid and the walls under construction; the other ten thousand to be paid when the structure is finished to the satisfaction of the Board. The location of the building has not yet been decided upon. John Mason offers the county three acres for one dollar for the court house, the ground to be selected by the commissioners; the railroad company offer Block 11 section 33, between Third and Fourth streets, for one hundred dollars; and E. A. Williams offers the choice of four blocks on his addition and in addition a half block for a county hospital. It seems to many that the most central position and one that will show the building to the best advantage, is the block owned and now occupied by county. There is one thing certain Bismarck will have the finest building of the kind on the line of the Northern Pacific, and this building will be but a drop in the bucket compared with those which will certainly be constructed in the two years to come. There can be no doubt but that a good job will be done by Messrs Pauly & Son, as there will be many other buildings erected during the next ten years, along the Northern Pacific, and they will want a fore-finger in the pie.

MURDER OF "SLIPPERY DICK."

The Benton Sheriff After Frenchy, The Murderer.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

FORT BUFORD, D. T., Dec. 22.—I learn from authentic sources that the deputy sheriff of Fort Benton has started after a man known as Frenchy, the murderer of Richard Rogers, better known as "Slippery Dick." That calls to mind that having never seen an account of the murder in THE TRIBUNE, it may prove interesting to its readers. At the surrender of Chief Joseph Gen. Miles called up his band of scouts, wishing to know who would volunteer to accompany five Nez Perces Indians to Sitting Bull's camp. No one responded, it being almost sure death. "Slippery Dick" (also a scout) being out at the time, came in shortly, volunteered, and went. On reaching the camp, which was across the border, he was taken by the Sioux, stripped naked, painted black—a sign that he was doomed to die—whipped and abused. Finally some of Medicine Bear's Yanktons, who were friendly with Dick before the Custer massacre, interfered, and Dick was escorted across the line by fifty Yankton braves. Mounted on a fleet mustang and told to "skin," he needed no second invitation. Returning to Miles he was warmly commended by that officer for his deed of daring. After the campaign was over Dick led a rambling sort of a life equal to the nomads themselves. Finally at Milk River last May Dick turned up his toes at the hands of "Frenchy," (the name he went by) the assassin shooting him in the back while Dick was unarmed. Considerable enmity was evinced by the scouts towards Dick for the reputation he gained by his adventure, but as poor Richard lies under the sod without even a head-board to mark his last camp, he is magnanimously forgiven by his enemies and cherished in the memory of his friends.

V.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Justus Bragg is east on business.

Ex-Mayor McLean attended court at Fargo.

Mrs. Maj. Pitts was in the city shopping Monday.

Quartermaster Kirk and lady have returned from their holiday trip east.

E. M. Bennett, of the Bismarck Flouring Mills has returned from his trip east.

J. K. Wetherby returned from Fargo Monday, where he had been attending court.

City Attorney Carland and Lawyer Flannery were passengers on Monday's train.

Wm. Harmon has returned from Fargo. His evidence in the Brugier case had considerable weight.

Shed Lambert, the popular Jamestown merchant, was in the city this week attending to a land contest.

Mrs. Frank Mead is in the city a guest of Mrs Bragg. Frank was over yesterday and says Mandan is just booming.

E. H. Bly, of the Sheridan House, returned Monday. He is next to the best looking man who was "on the string."

P. H. Gray, the popular clerk of the Gen. Sherman, arrived from the east on Monday's train. He says he did not do it while he was gone, and still remains in single harness.

Harry Batchelor, the gentlemanly clerk of the steamer Batchelor, which claims the fastest record on the Missouri river, has gone to Fort Meade to keep the books of Fanshawe & Co.

General Manager Sargent, Superintendent Towne, Master Mechanic Farror and Mr. Footner, superintendent of the North Pacific express, were in the city yesterday arranging for pushing work on the extension.

C. S. Deering, who has the contract for building the military telegraph line from Bennett to Meade, arrived on last night's stage from the Hills. Cold weather drove him in. There is a stretch of fifty-four miles yet to build.

Col. Moore, Sut Winston and Dr. Bell started out Tuesday morning. Col Moore and Bell go to Buford, while Sut stops at Stevenson. The crowd that made New Years joyous with their hilarity, is gradually disappearing. How true; "one by one the roses fall."

Sig Hanauer left Monday for Europe. He will be gone about three months. His extensive clothing establishment in this city was left in the charge of Tom Jones whose popularity and practical knowledge of the business will guarantee its being carried on as well as when Sig is at home.

County Clerk Richards returned from his extended eastern tour Monday night. He has been at nearly all the great cities during his absence, and was in Chicago at Grant's reception. He has gained in weight, looks and everything perhaps save wealth, which is an enemy to such a trip. He has completely recovered from neuralgia, which threatened to permanently effect his hearing.

Mr. A. S. Capehart, representing the Fargo Daily *Argus*, is in the city. He came up to visit the extension and give the *Argus* a pen picture of his observations. The *Argus*, as a representative of the Red River valley, should have a liberal support in this section as Fargo and Bismarck are twin sisters of industry, striving for the advancement of the interests of Northern Dakota.

BLACK HILLS NOTES.

Deadwood will soon have a steam brick machine.

A mountain lion is reported seen in the vicinity of Deadwood.

Deadwood's new post office is a good one. There are over 500 boxes.

The Black Hills *Times* flies at its mast head, "Gen. Grant, for President."

Col. Benteen has been released. The affair was not so bad as first reported.

Merrick & Burk's new paper, the *Chronicle*, was born at Custer City January 1st.

The new court house at Deadwood is assuming shape and will be a model structure.

Miss Inez Sexton, a Michigan operatic songstress, is captivating the people in the Hills.

Of the 132 deaths in Deadwood last year ninty-two died nutural deaths; twenty two by accident; five murdered, and three committed suicide.

Chas. Washburn, superintendent of the Pecacho mine, while inspecting the mine last week was struck with a piece of rock which, it is feared, has dangerously shattered his skull.

The *Times* says that "Shang is so accustomed to working around banks that he assisted the teamsters yesterday in unloading the iron front for the First National, and did more heavy lifting and bossing than any of them."

Hills Produce.

[Deadwood Press.]

In the east, when a farming district produces a crop of wheat, it is considered as so much wealth, which enriches themselves and the country at large. But very few realize that the Black Hills are contributing to the wealth of the world at the rate of $425,000 per month, clear gold dug out of the ground. It is true that most of this in the shape of bullion is shipped from the country. But $200.000 at least, is paid out every month for expenses and labor. This amount is circulated among us and gradually finds its way to the solid improvement of the country. From the most reliable information, gleaned from our bankers and mine owners, we find that the production of gold taken out of the Black Hills during the year 1879, will not fall short of $5,000,000.

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A Dinner as Peter the Great Gave it

At one of the grand dinners given by the czar, a huge pie was placed in the center of the gentlemen's table, out of which when the startled carver broke the crust, a beautiful dwarf lady, "in puris naturalibus," all except a head-dress, stepped, proposed in a set speech and drank in a glass of wine the health of the company, and then retired into her snug retreat and was carried from the table. Did not Peter say he could not reform his people, but not himself? A dinner party at the czar's must indeed have been a sight conceivable out of Bedlam, and could only have been planned in the maddest brain on earth, if a manuscript among the Sloan papers in the British museum is believable. Such practical jokes! such wild, grotesque gamboling! the frolics of leviathan! the laughter of Titan, as frightful in his fun as in his fury! There was accommodation at the czar's table for about a hundred; but the grim humorist always issued invitations to twice or thrice that number, and left his guests to elbow, jostle, and fight for chairs and places, and retain them against all comers and claimants if they could. Not frequently a free fight was extemporized, and noses tapped, and even the sacred persons of ambassadors have been profanely touched and trifled with. The czar sat at the head of the table, a broad grin on his face, rolling the spectacle like a sweet morsel under his tongue. The guests are so closely packed that feeding-room is not to be thought of, and ribs are often blackened and almost driven in by active and vigorous elbows, provoking fierce recrimination and quarrels. The kitchen is so near to the dining-hall that there floats through the latter a fragrance of onions, garlic, and train-oil, mellowed and tempered by the more delicious aroma of the roast. The more knowing and initiated guests wave away soups and such like edibles, and manifest a special appetite for tongues, hams, and viands that cannot be tampered with or made the vehicle of practical joking, for as often as not it happens that a bunch of dead mice will be drawn out of the soup or discovered snugly imbedded in a dish of green peas; and, sometimes, when his guests have well partaken of certain pastries, the czar will courteously inquire if the cat, wolf, raven, or other unclean animal proved a savory or delicious morsel, with what result let the imaginative guess. The approach to a regular Donnybrook was hastened on by liberal supplies of brandies, strong ales, and wines so adroitly served out as to expediate the grand climacteric of drunkenness.

Illusions of History.

Unfortunately, the muse of history is sometimes guilty of sacrificing truth in order to produce a dramatic effect. Voltaire was once asked by a suspicious reader where he had found a certain startling "fact," which he had narrated in one of his histories.

"Oh, it is a frolic of my imagination," replied the frank but mendacious wit.

Lamartine, when writing a history not infrequently allowed his imagination to frolic. An ironical compliment once reminded him of this vicious habit. Just after the publication of his "History of the Girondins," Lamartine met Alexander Dumas, the writer of romances.

"Have you read my history?" asked the historian.

"Yes," replied the novelist; "it is superb! It is history elevated to the dignity of romance."

Prof. Mathews gives, in "Hours with Men and Books," a number of these startling illusions of history, the offspring of writers more anxious to be artistic than truthful.

There is a famous exclamation attributed to Wellington, at Waterloo, "Up, guards, and at them!" The Duke said he never uttered such nonsense. Capt. Bragg denied that Gen. Taylor ever said at the battle of Buena Vista, "A little more grape, Capt. Bragg."

Victor Hugo, in "Les Miserables," brilliantly describes the battle of Waterloo. In it he introduces the bravado alleged to have been uttered by the Captain of the Imperial Guards: "The Guard dies; it never surrenders!" A French journalist invented the phrase two days after the battle.

Francis I. of France has been credited, for three centuries, with writing to his mother, from the battle-field of Pavia, the heroic sentiment, "All is lost but honor."

The historical fact is that he wrote in prison, and, after describing the battle, prosaically says: "With regard to the remaining details of my misfortune, honor and life, which is safe, are all that are left to me."

"Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!" exclaims Falstaff, and many readers of history have had occasion to echo the exclamation.

Marriage Among the Australians.

In Australia, as elsewhere, a tie of more or less permanence and acknowledged validity binds men to their partners. Marriage, again, is surrounded, as among civilized people, by laws "of forbidden degrees," which are very curious, very little understood, and which in many ways resemble, while in others they seem to differ from, the laws of other undeveloped peoples. Wives are chiefly obtained by exchange. The dominate males of a group—father, eldest brother, or uncle—has the customary right of swapping away the young woman of the group in exchange for other young women whom it is lawful for him to marry. It is clear that old men with families have the best chance of getting more wives, while young men whith no sisters are likely to remain bachelors. If this system worked itself out, each tribe would consist of a few overgrown harems and a set of wild bachelors. As it happens, young men and women revolt against the old, and voluntary elopements or marriage by capture are common. The course of true love runs anything but smooth. The lover is exposed to the "ordeal of spears," which are hurled at him by the relatives of the lady. The runaway bride is beaten, perhaps her feet are speared, to prevent her from running away again. If a young pair are courageous and true to each other, however, the sympathy of the group usually comes round to them, and they enter on peaceful married life. It has been said that the old men give wives to the young, who thus "take stock," as the ancient Irish said, and become, in a way, the vassals of the old fellows. Society in Australia is not sufficiently advanced for it; but according to some authorities a very Australian state of things prevails in Rural Russia.

How He "Set'Em Up."

Simply because the man who stands behind the bar of a certain saloon on Gratiot Avenue is a pleasant-faced, smiling old man, certain parties came to the conclusion that there was no fight in him. They therefore cooked up a plan to play upon his fears and make him "set 'em up" for the crowd. Three red-nosed men called upon the old man in a body yesterday, and business was opened by one of them saying:

"When I was in here last night you handed me a glass of beer with a fly in it. No gentleman would do that. You meant it as an insult, and now I demand satisfaction. You must meet me on the field of honor!"

"Ish dot bossible? What field ish dot?" exclaimed the astonished bar-tender.

"You must go out with me and fight a duel!"

"Good gracious! Ish dot drue?"

Yes, it is. I'll go out and leave my two friends here to settle the details with you. I must either have blood or an ample apology!"

When the belligerent had retired, one of the others said:

"See here, old man, I'm afraid you've got yourself into a bad box. That chap is a sure shot, and he'll wing you."

"How vhill he put some wings on me?" innocently inquired the beer jerker.

"Now listen. You insulted him."

"Yaw."

"He demands the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"Yaw."

"You must fight a duel with him or apologize and set up the beer."

"Vaht ish a duel?"

"Why, you will go outside the city and pace off ten peces and shoot at each other. Now, then, will you do that, or set up the beer and beg his pardon?"

"Vheil, I dells you," replied the old man, as he lifted a big navy revolver into sight. "If I sets up der peer I loses fifteen cents; if I go oudt und fights some duels I kills him stone det!"

"And you'll fight?"

"Yaw, I vhill—it is sheaper."

"Don't you know," said the man after a blank silence, "that you'll have to fight all three of us?"

"Yah, I 'spose I vhill. I shall now fight mit you two, and dake der odder one to-morrow!"

He thereupon changed his pistol for a club, danced around the bar, and the way he rushed 'em was painful to see. The belligerent was waiting on the corner, and as the pair came dusting out he called:

"Did he set 'em up?"

"Set em up!" shrieked one of the limpers as he came to a halt; "is knocking a man over two beer-kegs and a table setting 'em up?"

A Narrow Escape.

John Laefarr, of Montana, at the age of 19 years, was one of seven packers who left Fort Lincoln in 1875 to ride with Gen. Custer along the Little Big Horn. When the fight of that bright but disastrous summer morning opened, Laefarr, with his companions, happened to be three miles away from the command. In a few moments after the sound of the combat reached him, a band of Sioux sprung from the grass within a few feet of them. Laefarr noosed a rope, placed it in the mouth of the nearest horse, and, leaping upon the animal's back, lunged his spurs into the flank. As he hugged his horse, he saw his companions go down, one after the other. One bullet out of the hundred that followed him tore through his neck, another cut a deep furrow across his cheek, a third imbedded itself in his thigh, and a fourth killed his horse. The desperate boy shot an approaching Indian, and ran for a belt of timber half a mile distant. Barefooted, weak and faint from the loss of blood, he outran his pursuers, and reached the woods, where he hid for three days. He was at last found by three friendly Crow Indians, and taken by them to Fort Lincoln, where he told of the massacre. It was not until he had reached the fort that he knew that his hair, which, before his terrible suffering, was as black as a raven's wing, had changed to snowy whiteness.

"Worried," or "Married."

A careless telegrapher, of New York, caused a panic recently in a domestic circle of that city. A young woman telegraphed from Philadelphia to her mother in this wise: "Have received no letter. Am worried." The message received by her mother was: "Have received no letter. Am married." The mother was surprised at this sudden announcement, and she gave the daughter a large piece of her mind. The operator had mistaken "worried" for "married," no doubt thinking the meaning was the same, and had wired the mother the surprising intelligence.

Power of Sea Breakers.

From experiments which were made some time since at the Bell Rock and Skerryvore light-houses, on the coast of Scotland, it was found that, while the force of the breakers on the side of the German ocean may be taken at about a ton and a half upon every square foot of surface exposed to them, the Atlantic breakers fall with double that weight, or three tons to the square foot; and thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to about fifty-four tons. In November, 1824, a heavy gale blew, and blocks of limestone and granite, from two to five tons in weight, were washed about like pebbles at the Plymouth breakwater. About 300 tons of such blocks were borne a distance of 200 feet, and up the inclined plane of the breakwater, carried over it, and scattered in various directions. A block of limestone, seven tons in weight, was in one place washed a distance of 120 feet. Blocks of three tons' weight were torn away by a single blow of a breaker, and hurled over into the harbor; and one of two tons, strongly trenailed down upon a jetty, was torn away by an overpowering breaker.

A Spider's Suspension Bridge.

A new feature in the way of a suspension bridge was recently seen across the Housatonic river, a short distance north of Falls bridge. It was a single thread of a spider's web suspended from a tree on one side to some object upon the other, between 300 and 400 feet in length. How did the creature manage to get it across? It is conjectured that the engineering spider must have calculated the distance, spun a thread of the required length, and then at the right moment have thrown it out, when it was carried on the wings of some favoring breeze, to the opposite side, where it became attached. What was the spider's object unless to seek some retired spot to prey, or else to seek new adventures? It is not known whether the spider perished in the attempt at crossing, or whether it gained the shore in safety.—*New Milford (Ct.) Ray.*

"AH, ladies," said an old epicure as he opened a bottle of wine, "what is more delightful than the popping of a champagne cork?" "The popping of the question," unanimously cried the ladies.

IMPORTANT LETTER

From a Distinguished Physician.

NO single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing, the human voice, the mind, one or more and sometimes all yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignore l because but little understood by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his RADICAL CURE has won my hearty approval. I believe it likely to succeed when all the usual remedies fail, because it strikes at the root of the disease, viz., the *acidified blood*, while it heals the ulcerated membrane by direct application to the nasal passages. Its action is based on certain fixed rules, and unless the vital forces are too far exhausted, must, in the great majority of cases, effect a cure.

GEO. BEARD, M. D.
NOBSCOTT BLOCK, SO. FRAMINGHAM, Oct. 1, 1878

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE

MAY safely claim to be one of the few popular remedies receiving the approval of medical gentlemen, who, in private, not only freely recommend it but use it in their families in preference to any of the preparations usually prescribed by physicians.

"You are aware," said a distinguished city physician, "that my obligations to the Mass. Medical Society are such that I cannot publicly recommend or prescribe the Radical Cure; but since I received so much relief from the use of it myself, after a thorough trial of the usual remedies, I have privately advised its use, and presume I have sent to your store no less than one hundred of my patients for it."

UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

GENTLEMEN,—We have sold SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for nearly one year, and can say candidly that we never sold a similar preparation that gave such universal satisfaction. We have to learn the first complaint yet.

We are not in the habit of recommending patent medicines, but your preparation meets the wants of thousands, and we think those afflicted should be convinced of its great merits so that their suffering will be relieved. We have been in the drug business for the past twelve years constantly, and sold every thing for Catarrh, but yours leads all the rest. If you see proper you can use this letter or any part of it that you wish.

Very truly yours, S. D. BALDWIN & CO
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Books and Stationery, Washington, Ind., Feb. 23, 1876.

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, and full directions for use in all cases. Price, $1.00. For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canadas. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

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The healing properties of our own fragrant balsam and pine and the gums of the East are too well known to require description. Their grateful, healing, soothing, and strengthening properties are known to thousands. When combined in accordance with late and important discoveries in pharmacy, their healing and strengthening properties are increased tenfold. In this respect our Plaster is the best in use without the aid of electricity.

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To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order; its healthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Seasickness, and other Disorders.

The Liver is the seat of malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator protects the system from Miasmatic Influences. It Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Assists Digestion, and Strengthens the System.

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Imperfect Page

BULL-DOG AND CABBAGE.

The Surprising Results of a Frivolous Wager Between Two Men in Nevada.

[Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.

Several years ago one of the most novel wagers ever recorded was made between Farmer Treadway, of Carson, and Ald. Orndorff, of this city. Mr. Orndorff was spending a Sunday at Treadway's, and happened to have with him a pet bull-dog which weighed forty-five pounds. The old agriculturist, on first seeing the dog, remarked that dogs were well enough in their place, but cabbages were his weakness. He also said that he intended making some experiments with cabbages to see how large a vegetable could be produced.

"I calkerlate to get my cabbages up to where they'll be considered the boss."

"I've had an idea," said Orndorff, "that I can breed a bull-dog down to a feather-weight."

"Look a-here," remarked Treadway, pulling up a fence-post and beginning to whittle it; "you've got a forty-five-pound dog, and I'm raisin' seven-and-a-half-pound cabbages. Now, you start in with your dog breedin', and I'll begin my cabbage raisin', and I'll bet $100 that I'll fetch up with a forty-five-pound cabbage before you turn loose a seven-and-a-half-pound dog."

Orndorff accepted the wager. A mutual friend took charge of the stakes, depositing the amount in the Carson Bank next day

Mr. Orndorff now began to breed his bull-pups on purely scientific principles. He bred and interbred with smaller dogs, and their sisters, and cousins and aunts, and each succeeding year showed a marked diminution of weight in the new generation of pups. The following table will show at a glance the result of his bull-pupanthropic labors:

First year	45	pounds
Second year	32	pounds
Third year	24	pounds
Fourth year	16	pounds
Fifth year	7½	pounds

He now had at the Delta a seven-and-a-half-pound dog, which was something wonderful to behold. It was a recent arrival, and on a Sunday he went down to Carson with it, to show it to Farmer Treadway and claim the stakes. When he exhibited the dog the old farmer weighed it on his scales and remarked, "Good enough. Now look at my cabbage."

They went out into the garden, and the old farmer pulled up a cabbage which weighed exactly forty-five pounds. Orndorff scratched his head in astonishment, and said:

"It beats the devil."

The old farmer, who had kept a record of his cabbage-growing, furnished a *Chronicle* reporter with the following table of yearly growths:

First year	7½	pounds
Second year	16	pounds
Third year	24	pounds
Fourth year	32	pounds
Fifth year	45	pounds

Thus it will be seen that Treadway's cabbage had gone up the scale by the same skips that Orndorff's dog had gone down. Two such remarkable tables of a cabbage advance and a dog decline were perhaps never before known.

Suggestions and Recipes for Making Soups.

"But we don't like soup," says one. "Too troublesome! too expensive! says another. "Soup every day; just think of it! The boiling and the skimming and these soups I haven't any time for such nonsense."

Of course she has no time How could she, when there is no end to the pies, doughnuts, cookies that must be made?

While among other nations, that are notably frugal and thrifty, soup is considered an important article of food, it is difficult to understand why Americans should hold it in such ill favor.

In almost every family there are scraps and trimmings and tough ends of roasts and steaks, and bones of fowls and game, that will do excellent duty to the soup kettle, the broth in which mutton or beef has been boiled, needs only a little rice or barley and simple seasoning. Add to these an occasional pound or two of fresh meat with vegetable puree now and then, and there will be palatable and nutritious soup for every day in the week; of course, with a dinner of meat and vegetables, one does not want to eat a quart of soup. In families where it forms a daily item in the bill of fare, the boiling is usually attended to once a week, in cool weather Even the most faint-hearted of amateur cooks is not dismayed at the idea of simmering a kettle on the back of the stove for five or six hours. Just dignify this process with a name, and she is overwhelmed with a sense of something troublesome and scientific; oh no! she never could undertake to make soup stock.

In stock of this should be uncooked meat. Neck or round of beef, and knuckle or shank of veal are best. Scraps, bones, and trimmings of any meat (except pork) may be added. Crack all bones at every inch, and cut the meat in small pieces. Allow a quart of cold water to every pound of meat: heat slowly and skim thoroughly. Set to the back of the stove, cover closely, and let *simmer* for five or six hours. For five quarts of water allow one carrot, one small turnip, two onions, two heads of celery, three stalks of parsley, two bay-leaves, six cloves, a dozen pepper corns, and salt to taste. Put these in when the soup is half done. If the water boils away too much, either the cover is not tight, or the boiling has been too rapid. In this case fill up with water and simmer for another half hour, but it is best to avoid this necessity Strain through a colander to remove the bones and coarses parts, and again through coarse canvas into small stone jars. Leave the fat undisturbed until the stock is to be used. The sooner it is cooled the longer it will keep. When rightly made it will be a firm, clear jelly, and will keep in winter from ten days to two weeks.

When soup is to be made, remove the fat from the top of the jar; every particle of it. Cut off a portion of the jelly; heat it and add water if too strong. A different soup can be made every day by varying the flavoring.

Tomato, tapioca, macaroni, vermicelli, noodle, Julienne and various other soups are made in this way and named according to the manner of serving.

To make soup for a single day observe the same proportions, but it is always best to boil it a day before, so that the fat can be taken from the surface.

"But I skim the grease from my soup while it is boiling," says Mrs Nip; "And so do I," says Mrs. Tuck. Very well! Suppose you do? that does not prove it to be the best way, nor the right way. To be sure it is better than not skimming it at all. You know some people insist that even the scum should be allowed to remain and boil back into the soup again. They say much of the nutriment goes with the scum. Their soup is cloudy, coarse flavored and greasy; just fit for a Laplander. A civilized cook should blush to own such a concoction.

RULE FOR STOCK

Five pounds lean meat and some cracked bones. Five quarts cold water. It should be at least half an hour in coming to a boil. Skim; add a gill of cold water and skim again. Season with salt and vegetables, but be careful to use both sparingly. Cover close and simmer four or five hours. Strain, cool, and remove fat This will make a clear, light broth.

A French Story.

I. A gentleman irreproachably dressed goes into a confectioner's store and says to the gentlemanly confectioner: "I want 150 of the nicest cream tarts you can make."

"A hundred and fifty! That is a pretty large order; do you want them at once?"

"Within three hours, at the latest."

"I can have them ready at that time. Ahem! It is customary to ask a deposit on such orders—say 10 francs."

"Certainly, my friend: here are your 10 francs."

II. About two hours later a gentleman irreproachably dressed goes into a tailor's shop across the way from the pastry cook's and asks to be shown some overcoats. He selects one of the nicest and asks the price.

"One hundred and twenty-five francs, sir."

"Very well. I will take it. I have some money to collect at the confectioner's across the way. I presume you have no objection to letting one of your young men come over with me to get it?"

"Certainly not. A worthy man is my friend, Mr. Puff."

III. To confectioner enter irreproachably-dressed gentleman, now wearing an overcoat, and the tailor's man. The confectioner greets the former with the respect due to a good customer.

"Ah, Puff, I've called round for that 150. You promised to have them for me at 2:30."

"You shall have them in five minutes, sir."

"Very well. I have to go round the corner to see a man. You will give this young gentleman 125 of the 150. I will return and get the other 25 myself in a few moments."

"With pleasure, sir."

IV. Five minutes later the confectioner gives the tailor's young man 125 cream-tarts—and a bill for the balance thereon, 21 francs 25 centimes.

One minute thereafter a confectioner and a tailor's young man are scouring the neighborhood in search of an irreproachably-dressed gentleman with a new overcoat, whom the great city, with its ceaseless bustle and confusion, has swallowed up as a yellow dog swallows an oyster-cracker.

A Puzzle for Future Geologists.

A singular discovery was made during last year's dredging operations of the Coast Survey Steamer Blake, in the Caribbean sea; a discovery which should furnish a lesson of caution to geological observers and theorizers.

While dredging to the leeward of the Caribbean islands large accumulations of vegetable matter and of land debris were brought up from deep water, many miles from shore. It was not an uncommon thing to find, at a depth of over 1,000 fathoms, and some ten or fifteen miles from land, masses of leaves, pieces of bamboo and of sugar cane, dead land shells, and other land debris, which were undoubtedly all blown out to sea by the prevailing easterly trade winds, and frequently masses of vegetation, more or less waterlogged and ready to sink, were found floating on the surface of the sea. The contents of some of the trawls would, indeed, have sorely puzzled a palæontologist if he had met them in a fossil state; amid deep water forms of fishes, crabs, echinoderms, sponges, etc., would be found orange and mango leaves mingled with branches of bamboo and nutmegs, so that it would have been difficult to decide whether the marine or the land fauna predominated. Such a find in a fossil deposit would probably be explained as having occurred in a shallow estuary surrounded by forests. It is not without interest to observe that this large amount of vegetable matter thus carried out to sea seems to have increased in certain localities the number of marine forms of life.

"THERE is nothing like settling down," said a retired merchant, confidentially, to his neighbor. "When I gave up business I settled down, and found I had quite a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up I shouldn't have had a cent."

PITH AND POINT.

IF you drink lake water at Cleveland you will get the Erie-sip-alas!

"NONE but the brave deserve the hair" is the way the Indians put it.

EVEN criminals like paragraphs; that is to say, they prefer a short sentence.

THE proper form of will now-a-days will read: "To the respective attorneys of my children I give my entire estate."

THAT was a wise colored man who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said: "Dat 'ar 'pends altogedder how dey injoy demselves."

"A HAIR on the head is worth a dozen in the hash," says an exchange. But then it doesn't attract so much attention.

WHAT are the best stories? That depends. When you are telling them, the long ones are; when you are listening the short ones.

THIS life may be, as stern moralists say, all a fleeting show, but it is an exhibition from which dead-heads are rigidly excluded.

WHEN the dentists of this country can discover a way to pull teeth without making a man wish he had been born a hen, life will have twice as much brightness.

THE difference between a self-made man and a self-made woman is ten old papers, four hair switches, ninety-eight hair pins, and a pretty little box labeled face-powder.

"ALWAYS try to hit the nail on the head, my boy," said an uncle to his nephew; but the nephew's little cousin whispered to him, "Don't hit the nail on your finger, for it hurts awful."

WHEN the old gentleman comes home and finds his daughters have got his slippers and the evening paper ready for him, he realizes that it is the season for a fall opening of his pocketbook.

SOME women are very absent-minded, and frequently forget where they left the dish-pan after using it, but the world hasn't yet produced a woman who ever forgot where she hung her false hair before retiring.

"CAN you tell me"—said a punster
Who had in our sanctum popped,
And upon the floor was seeking
For a copper he had dropped—
"Can you tell me why at present
I am like Noah's weary dove?"
And he glanced with inward tremor
Toward a gun that hung above.
"Wouldst thou know?" he queried, blandly—
As he dodged the cudgel stout
Which we shied at him in anger—
"'Tis because I'm one cent out."

"WHY," said Jane Matilda to Maud Louise, "does a particular part of that door fastening vividly remind me of sweet Lord Fitz Mulligatawney, whom we met at Newport?" "I'm sure I don't know," responded Maud as she feebly ran her hand through her bang, "why?" "Why," answered Jane with a heart-searching sigh: "Because he was such a nob to adore!"

Boots of great men all remind us
We can make our soles sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints that are seven by nine.

ON THE TRAIN.

From the car window he looked to see
The landscape rushing by:
It came along, he picked it up,
He caught it with his eye.
Wrathfully jerking in his head,
To dig for the stinging cinder—
We dare not print the words he said,
When his hat flew out the winder!

Burdette.

Two Tramps.

I know two tramps.

I knew a man, now a tramp, when he was a spruce dandified clerk.

Few people are familiar with the origin of the tramp. Generally their source is wrapped in mystery. It is now the duty of good citizens to give all the accurate information possible regarding the tramps with whose careor they may have been familiar; It must be suppressed and if possible, nipped in the bud. To nip vagrancy in the bud requires an accumulation of personal knowledge coming from many individuals concerning the rise and progress of the tramp.

In 1840 this tramp was my school-fellow. We were co-natives of a Long Island village. He was a few years my senior, and blossomed into adolescence, tight boot, stand-up collar, fancy ties and a girl much sooner than I did.

At eighteen this future tramp drank liquor and in winter time recreated himself with midnight sleighing and oyster suppers at certain favorite resorts a few miles from the village.

Many other young men of the place were also frequently in the saloons. They too drank rum (for rum was more popular than at present,) hired fast horses and with their girls indulged in midnight sleighings and oyster suppers. But they have not become tramps. Even now they drink liquor in moderation. Some are leading men in the community.

In 1848 the present tramp secured a position as a clerk in New York. He proved capable and competent and was soon promoted both as to pay and position. Once a year he revisited his native village and created a sensation by his city cut clothes and tall white silk hat.

In 1854 the tramp was engaged in a flourshing and growing business in the vicinity of Catherine Ferry. I was then a clerk in the city and passed my evenings in his store. I think the tramp at this time lived up to the full measure of his income and possibly surpassed it. But he had a doting and well-to-do father who must have made good all deficiencies.

Then came a long interregnum. For fifteen years I was thousands of miles away from this metropolis. In 1868 I heard of the tramp as a foremast hand on a whaler. He had become very intemperate. His business was broken up, and leaving a wife at home he had gone upon the face of the deep.

Returning to my native village in 1871 I found the tramp keeping a summer boarding-house. He had returned from sea and friends had put him on his feet again. It was thought that his reform was permanent. I heard no more of him for four years. Passing along South street one morning some one called my name. Out of a group of longshoremen came a seedy-looking man with well-frayed trouser-bottoms. I looked him full in the face but did not recognize him. He told me his name. I was astonished. After a moment or two something of the old look came out on his face. But he seemed to have shrunk and his youth was all dried out of him.

A few months later I heard that the tramp had been seen at a very early morning hour by a fellow townsman and former schoolmate on Broadway, from whom he asked the loan of a few cents, which were given with a bit of advice thrown in gratis to the effect that he would profit the community by going down to the nearest pier and drowning himself. But he did not drown himself in water.

In the summer of 1877 business required my presence in a secluded village in the interior of the State. Another school-mate of mine resided there. I was his guest. To my surprise he told me that a few weeks previous, the tramp, in a most discreditable external condition, had, to his astonishment and horror, presented himself at his door, and on the score of auld lang syne asked for any assistance he might be disposed to give. "I could not receive him in my house," said he. "I gave him some money. He went to the village, caroused at a low groggery, slept in an empty freight car that night, returned to the pot house in the morning, made a disturbance, was arrested, put in jail, and finally set adrift with an injunction never to return thither."

These are a few of the scattered tracks of one tramp. There is but one conclusion. Rum did it—or rather the lack of control over rum—I have heard nothing of the tramp since. He may be still on his travels; he may have reformed; he may be dead.

It may be safe to assume that his case is paralleled by that of one-half of our National tramps. The question arises, Are such people fit to be trusted to themselves and what shall we do with them?

I know of one more tramp. He is still a young man and brother to a distinguished writer. Years ago he was a resident of a large Western city and held there a responsible position. He became dissipated, was implicated in a rather crooked transaction, lost his place, drank to excess, lost every thing, and was at last accounts an unmitigated, genuine tramp.

The evidence here afforded is not very favorable as a means of creating sympathy for the tramp collectively save with the comparative few who regard the drunkard as a victim of a diseased appetite. It is rather difficult also to ascertain how much such men really suffer from a sense of their degradation, because one man is not the measure of another in this respect. The extremely sensitive drunkard has perhaps the best chance for reformation, because his mental punishment at each fall becomes too severe to be borne, and however strong an appetite may be the realization of what he must suffer, if he loses control of himself serves as a check upon him. It is to be feared that this class forms a very small minority of our tramps.

Through China.

We passed through by-roads and fields of millet ten feet high, and could not see across the country unless where the harvest was cut. The stocks of the large millet looked like wigwams. We heard sad tidings of the famine; yet here there was abundance—so much that this one province could supply all the famine-stricken. A measure of millet will support a Chinaman for a month; but there is no enterprise about getting the millet to the hungry, and the port was soon to be closed by the winter. There was always some one on the road, though the houses and villages were few. Now it was the postman, with his mail-bag slung across his shoulders, his hands swinging vehemently as he went. Then it was travelers on horseback, armed with formidable spears, with which to frighten, not to fight, the robbers that infest the roads. Peasants were trudging to market, a farmer was going over his land. Figures in white came near the road to watch us pass, and we knew it was a family in mourning. Some ladies crossed by a path over the fields to pay a visit to a neighbor's house; a servant followed them, and they stole shy looks at the foreigners. Here the reapers were at work; and, if it was the large millet, they cut down only one stock at a time, and then bound them laboriously in gigantic sheaves. A watchman, staff in hand, was patrolling the fields to guard his master's grain against the inroads of the poor. There we saw a threshing-floor—the hard, beaten circuit of ground, the ears with only a short straw spread over them, and a white and lazy mule dragging a stone round and round. Sometimes the grain was lashed, but never thrashed with the flail. Where roads met there was almost always a small shrine of mud, a few feet high, raised to some local god, a shabby superstition that contrasted with the comfortable look and intelligence of the people.

A New Use for Baby's Bottle.

There is a darkey in the Third ward who has a sow and eight very small pigs. The mother of the pigs was taken very sick the other day, and the pigs had to be fed. The darkey tried to feed them with a spoon, but failed. He now nourishes them with a bottle filled with milk, and over the top of which he has placed a gum nipple. What a time that darkey must have!—*Carlisle (Pa.) Volunteer.*

Historical Position of Palestine.

The position of Palestine on the map of the world has fitted it and its successive peoples for a remarkable place in history. Here is a little country, with only 8,000 square miles, or 2,000 less than our State of Vermont, which, if we measure it by the scope of its history, the remote antiquity of its literature, and the great forces it has started into irresistible movement, we must place among the foremost in the ancient family of nations. It is practically the meeting-place of three continents—Africa, Asia, and Europe. If Belgium is the "cock-pit of Europe," where many of the chief battles of modern times have been fought, Palestine holds the same relation to the ancient world. Her plain of Esdraelon has been the battle-ground of nations and civilizations from Abraham's day to Napoleon Bonaparte's. This little country was the pathway of the nations on land, while on the sea it was her Phœnicia which planted colonies all around the shores of the Mediterranean, created Carthage, rival of Rome, and dared to send her ships as far north as Britain. There is something, too, akin to magnetism in this wonderful little land. It gave a certain measure of historical importance, and, indeed, of immortality to every people and land it touched. Take from our knowledge of Egyptian history all we have learned from the Mosaic narrative, and there will be a marvelous diminution of the fund. It is only where Assyria in an early day came into relations with Syria that we get something of a definite knowledge of that great Oriental power. We find Rawlinson, in his "Five Monarchies," and Wilkinson, in his "Manners and Customs of the Egyptians," constantly appealing to and leaning on the scripture history, in order to treat the subject in hand in consecutive form. It is Palestine that brings all great ancient countries within our vision. It is our best telescope for a view of the remote past. We read the fortunes of other peoples through her. Of right she did not possess the Greek language. It was foisted upon her through Alexander's conquest, and yet so carefully did she learn the new tongue that it became the receptacle for the new faith from Him of Nazareth, and the medium of its communication to the remotest shores known to men. Palestine long resisted Rome, and finally suffered destruction through Titus. Her acres and faith were bartered like a piece of merchandise, and were, in turn, owned by Canaanite, Jew, Assyrian, Greek, Syrian, Maccabæan and Roman. But in three centuries we find Bethlehem supplanting Rome. Christianity held the scepter on the Seven Hills, and paganism became a thing of the country village, or *pagus.* —*Harper's Magazine.*

Thanksgiving Day.

It is usual to appoint the last Thursday of November as a day of thanksgiving. Why Thursday was originally chosen, in preference to other days, is not certainly known; but the best authority gives the reason that shortly after the landing of the Pilgrims, and while they were in sore distress, a vessel, bearing food and clothing, arrived on Thursday, for the selection of that day. At all events, occasional days of thanksgiving were held at Plymouth from 1621 to 1680. The custom became general throughout Massachusetts, and from there spread to the other colonies. There was no national Thanksgiving day until 1784, when Gen. Washington called one to celebrate the ratification of peace after the Revolutionary war; in 1789, the adoption of the constitution of the United States. The next year one was called on account of the suppression of insurrection. The successful close of the War of 1812 caused another day of national thanksgiving to be called, in 1815. Some of the days fell on Thursday, and some did not. New York has had a Thanksgiving day since 1817 almost invariably called on Thursday, and the same is true of Virginia since 1855, and in eight other Southern States since 1858. President Lincoln issued proclamations recommending days of special thanksgiving for victories in 1862, '63, and '64, and since that time the President has issued such a proclamation annually, which has been supplemented by the Governors of many of the States. It is now the rule to call them on the last Thursday of November.

Silk from the Sea.

The sea yields many precious things—coral, amber and pearls—but it is not generally known that in some parts of the Mediterranean a species of mussel is found of which the shells contain one of the most beautiful textile materials known. These shells are about seven inches long and three inches broad, and each of them contains a hank or byssus of the fiber, weighing half a drachm, and at first it presents nothing particular to the eye, being soiled with mud and the remains of marine plants. But, when washed and combed the fibers are seen to be extremely lustrous, glistening in the sunshine in shades varying from a golden yellow to olive brown. Spun and woven in the ordinary manner, stockings, gloves, neckties and similar articles can be manufactured from them, and they are likewise suited for making the finest lace. At present the production of these fibers hardly exceeds 200 kilogrammes (3 cwt. 3 qrs.) a year. Specimens of these curious mussels and their finished products were exhibited at the great Paris Exhibition, but they appear to have been overlooked.

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The Bismarck Tribune.

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, Publisher.

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third mondays of each month at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M.
JOSEPH HARE, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 I. O. O. F., are held in Raymond's Hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
WM. A. BENTLEY, N. G.
S. T. SIMONSON, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES:

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev J. G. Miller, B. D. Rector. At the Rector's residence. Blessed Sacrament on all Sundays and other Holy Days of Obligation at 11 o clock a. m railroad time; Sunday School and Even-Song at 2 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m and 7 p. m. Sunday School immediately after the morning services Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p m.
J. M. BULL, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner of Thayer and Second St., Rev. W. C. Stevens, Pastor. Sabbath services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at the close of the morning service Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats free. Young people's class at 8 p. m. Monday; Prayer meeting at 7 p. m. Wednesday at the pastor's residence.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday at 7:45 a. m.

Leaves for Forts Stevenson, Berthold and Buford every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m.; arriving every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 3:30 p. m

Leave for Forts Yates and Sully and all down river posts daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m., arriving at Bismarck daily except Sunday at 8 p m.

Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all points in Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m; and arriving at Bismarck daily except Sunday, at 4 p m.

Leave for Deadwood and other points in the Black Hills daily at 8 p m.

Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M. Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. On Sundays from 7 to 9 a. m, and 4 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK, FRIDAY, JAN 9, 1880.

MANDAN is getting signers to a petition asking the change of the county seat to that town. Mandan has never been unreasonable in her requests. She is a dear, good girl and ought to have everything she wants.

TALKING of booms. Bismarck will get it this year, and THE TRIBUNE predicts that there will be more brick put into buildings in Bismarck in 1880 than were used for the same purpose in Fargo last year.

THE Yankton *Press & Dakotaian* is in distress, and remarks: "If ever a blizzard occurred and grasshoppers came and afflicted us (Dakota) if ever any of these things happened in Dakota and it wasn't laid to Yankton we'd like to know the date and place.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know when the Dakota "Cactus" will bloom again. Unless a few more candidates for delegate arrive in the territory, it will probably not bloom again soon. Nothing but the withered stalk is left and that is near one of the Barnes of the Red River valley.

THERE is something in Col. Thompson's theory of chenook winds coming from the Pacific coast. When the recent severe weather broke, the melting influence came with the west wind. At Bismarck the thermometer stood at zero; at Jamestown, eight below; at Fargo eighteen below, and at St. Paul fifteen below, the morning the change occurred.

THE TRIBUNE has about concluded arrangements for the publication of an edition of fifty thousand copies of THE TRIBUNE about the 1st of April. It will give a resume of the business of the year and the building improvements, prospects for business, settlement of the country and inducements to settlers. Advertisers will observe the value of being well represented in this issue.

A LETTER from a correspondent in the Yellowstone valley says that people who think they have perpetual autumn weather in that country are quite mistaken. It has been so cold there this winter that thermometers have frozen up and it is stated that nothing but a cast iron one would be of any service. The correspondent states, however, that it has been unusually cold this season.

THE Fargo *Times* says that "Bismarck wants a night operator; that town is the telegraphic center of the northwest and another operator is as essential as the office itself." This seems to be a fact that the management take no note of. Mr. Carnahan is doing two men's work, and a night operator would not only lessen his labor, but the increase of business would pay for the additional expense.

WILL WATER WORKS PAY?

The following figures will give a close observer some idea as to whether it will pay Bismarck to put in water works. For insurance the following sums per annum are paid:

McLean & Macnider	$ 70[illegible]
W. B. Watson	50
M Eppenger	60
Sig Hanauer	60
Eisenberg	60
Stage Company	50
Railroad Company	50[illegible]
Steam Mill	8[illegible]
J H Marshall	50
J W Raymond two per cent rate	3[illegible]
C A Lounsberry 3 "	
J Ostland	9[illegible]
Asa Fisher	15[illegible]
J P Dunn	15[illegible]
J Yegen	15[illegible]
Malloy Bros	25[illegible]
D I Bailey	15[illegible]
Hallett & Keating	25[illegible]
F Forster	5[illegible]
Emmons & Messerve	15[illegible]
W H Stimpson	1[illegible]
L N Griffin	50[illegible]
W H Comer	[illegible]
C R Williams	1[illegible]
Geo Peoples	20[illegible]
John Whalen	1[illegible]
Joseph Hare	7[illegible]
W Gritschka	15[illegible]
Strauss Bros	30[illegible]
O S Goff	9[illegible]
J J Jackman	3[illegible]
C M Cushman	30
E H Bly	600
Thos McGowan	150
Richard Connelly	50
M P Slattery	150
Other (estimated) insurance	5,500
Total	16,10[illegible]

The above gives a very clear idea of the amount actually paid for insurance at the present rate which averages about seven per cent, though Bly, Raymond and Lounsberry have a two and three per cent rate. The construction of water works will reduce this rate certainly one-third and possibly two-thirds—from say seven per cent to two and one half, but if only one-third the saving is over five thousand dollars per annum in the matter of insurance, alone, on our present basis of insurance which will surely be increased both in the rate and in the amount of policies if companies can be found reckless enough to take the risks. Adopting the city attorney's line of argument the saving in insurance alone during the time the $15,000 twenty year bonds, asked for the construction of the works, are to run will amount to over one hundred thousand dollars, not to speak of the property which will actually be saved from destruction.

That is not all. The city is now paying over fifteen thousand dollars per annum for the water that is delivered in carts and carried into back rooms in buckets, not to speak of that hauled in tanks by the railroad company or by private teams, or the snow and ice gathered and melted for water. Suppose the cost of water is reduced one-third, and in granting the right to put in the water works the council might limit the price to be charged, here is another saving of five thousand a year or another hundred thousand that will be saved during the years the proposed issue of bonds are to run.

With water works it will be possible to plant and grow trees, to have gardens in seasons of drouth and allay the dust nuisance in autumn. People can keep a cow or horse without imposing upon the few people who do have wells and above all feel that they are compartively safe from fires. No one thinks now of entertaining a feeling of security. Water works will surely pay.

THE TEMPERANCE WORK.

Without caring to take up the temperance cause, and mount the subject as a hobby, THE TRIBUNE most heartily commends Col. Bull in his temperance work. Over one hundred have joined his Red Ribbon band, taken the pledge and are striving, no doubt, earnestly to keep it, and if there is one among that number who has been rescued from a life of shame good has been accomplished that deserves appropriate reward.

At the last meeting a printer took the pledge, and if there is power in prayer THE TRIBUNE earnestly hopes Christian people will use it to save this man. When himself he is one of the most intelligent newspaper men in the territory, an excellent editorial writer, a charming correspondent and a most excellent printer, an affectionate husband and father and an interesting conversationalist. When drinking he is a nuisance in a saloon even, and THE TRIBUNE does not wonder that the saloon men are circulating a pledge among themselves to refuse him liquor under all circumstances.

It is to be hoped that he has been saved. And there is another, born and bred a gentleman, who might have occupied a proud position in Dakota affairs but for the demon strong drink. He is active in the temperance cause now and will recuperate to some extent but it will take time to rebuild the wreck he made of himself and business.

Sergeant Gleason was one of the bravest and best soldiers it was the writer's good fortune to know, but strong drink ruined him and saddened for years the life of as noble a little lady as ever lived, and his children, bright little fellows all, were pointed to as the children of a drunkard. He took up the temperance work and as long as he is in it he is safe and his family is above want, and have reason to be proud of their husband and father.

If the temperance work accomplishes no more than to hold these men from drink that destroys, it deserves the hearty sympathy of all who love their fellow men But there are others it has reached and others it will reach.

PREVIOUS to the extension of the boundaries of Burleigh county by an act of the last legislature, Morton county prospered and had a glorious future before it. Money had been loaned its officers for the purpose of obtaining books, etc., and the county seat located. Several of the officers had devoted much time in the discharge of their duties and everything indicated a fair return. Their hopes were blasted, however, by the legislative act, and the parties were left individually responsible for their purchases for the county. They now present their combined bill, amounting to about $400, to the commissioners of Burleigh county for settlement. Mr. Macnider, the representative, who was instrumental in the gobbling up of Morton county, thinks it no more than just that the claims should be paid. It was not the intention to wrong anyone by the change and as these men acted in good faith for the benefit of the people of Morton county, it seems just that they should have at least a fair compensation for services rendered prior to the passage of the act in which they had no voice. Burleigh county has been benefitted by the people of Mandan this season to the extent of nearly $1,500, and as we wish to maintain Burleigh county as one of the largest and most prosperous in the territory, every effort should be made to keep peace in the family; besides it is right that these bills should be paid from revenues which otherwise would have belonged to Morton county.

ACCORDING to the Deadwood *Pioneer*, that "good specimen of the young Virginian gentleman," Mr. E. E. Spillman, brother of Lieut. Spillman, of the Seventh Cavalry, is still of the belief that there is something wonderfully mysterious in the reported Bismarck stage robbery near Antelope station. The fact is the young Virginia tenderfoot was "stuffed" by a wag, and was, during the whole trip, shivering like a leaf, for fear of road agents and Indians. After a couple months' initiation, doubtless Mr. Spillman will become as good a western boy as the "phunny" man of the Deadwood *Pioneer*, who still amuses himself by making mild thrusts at the Bismarck route. The latter gentleman is excusable, however, to a certain extent, as when he went through to the Hills the prairie fires were raging in every direction and he is not yet satisfied in his own mind but that the route passes through the infernal regions.

THE Fargo *Times* publishes this week a review of the business of the city for the year 1879. It is a good showing. She has handled in and out $5,000,000 of freight, and shipped since harvest time 2,700 cars of wheat. The machine men have sold over $400,000 worth of farm machinery and over $280,000 has been expended in building improvements. The real estate transfers reach one million dollars and the land office has disposed of 1,200,000 acres. The number of packages, etc., handled by the postoffice is about 442,000 and the money order business amounted to $49,000. There have been over two hundred new buildings erected during the past season, among which are half a dozen elegant brick blocks. Fargo is truly a wonderful city.

THE Fargo *Times* says of Dr. Porter and Geo. Flannery, that they are both able representatives of their respective professions, and are not outranked in Dakota. Guess the Bismarck delegation must have done themselves proud during their stay in the metropolis of the Red River valley.

THE Eden *Sun* is at hand. It is the first paper ever published in the garden of Eden, (Dak.) and if Disciple Mathews, its genuine Republican editor, does not make a success of it, it will not be owing to a lack of training in the Elk Point *Courier* office.

HOW would it do to turn the *Journal* into a tri weekly and run it off on a power press propelled by steam? We will "see how things open in the spring."—*Black Hills Journal.*

Don't do it. The *Journal*, as a weekly, is one of the brightest, neatest and best papers in the territory. As good as it now is, cut into three parts it would be like a nice steak for one divided with three. THE TRIBUNE tried a like scheme but would have been $2,500 better off if it hadn't. Don't spoil the *Journal* and waste your resources. Publish a daily when you can but don't try a tri-weekly.

DID you hear about the dance the printer had? Somebody cut the Mandan chain gang loose and set it onto us, that's all.—*Mandan Criterion.*

Since the encounter with the bull dog the *Criterion* man has taken his meals from the second pantry shelf and says that somehew he never could sleep on his back.

THE *Press and Dakotaian* says that "it can truthfully say that Southern Dakota does not care whether the next delegate hails from Northern Dakota or Southern Dakota, or whether he is a resident of the Black Hills or the Red River valley." Truth truly is good. By this emphasis it may be understood that the *P. & D.'s* statements on matters in general heretofore lacked the embodiment of that important maxim

THE King of the Fiji islands is said to relish "Baby Mine" very much. He likes it well done, too.—*Black Hills Herald.*

E. H. Bly likes "Baby Mine" also, because its done well too.

IN the absence of Mr. Dennis Hannafin, the Democratic organizer and chairman of the Central Committee, his party is becoming somewhat demoralized and a painful lack of eccentricities becomes apparent.

A NUMBER of the papers throughout the territory are hoisting the name of their favorite candidate for the presidential nomination but the Gaily *Inter-State* can out Windom all.

IT is said that a child born on Christmas will always hate turkey and goose and lean towards codfish and bacon.—*Black Hills Herald.*

Wonder if Jack Dunn will substantiate this argument.

THE mean temperature at Bismarck for a week was fifteen below zero.—*Fargo Times.*

That was not as *mean* as Fargo's fifty-two below.

THAT Swan Lake *New Era* man cannot be performing the duties of his office, else the town pump would not be out of order.

THE Pembina *Pioneer* wants an editorial convention at Fargo. Good scheme.

PROGRESS OF DAKOTA.

A Glance at What She Has Done in the Last Few Years.

[Elk Point Courier.]

In writing of this territory we have only a few years of history to span to get in a few words all that has been of Dakota, aside from its internal advances and growth, in the few years that have marked its organization. Unlike all the states of the Union and a few of the territories, Dakota is almost bereft of a history, and the public eye has been looking elsewhere along lines of railroad while this territory has been so erroneously considered rather fresh by the bulk of eastern home-seekers, and as a result the states south and northeast have been settled by people who could have done better in Dakota.

But with all this feeling against settlement in Dakota, she has made some rapid advances since the 2d of March 1861, when President Buchanan signed the bill giving to Dakota a territorial organization. At that time Dakota embraced all of Montana and a portion of Idaho with an entire population of less than two thousand. Early in the spring of 1861 President Lincoln appointed Wm. Jayne, of Illinois, governor of the territory, and in the fall of the same year a general election was held. Only 585 votes were cast, and Gen. Todd receiving 397 was declared elected. One year later, September 1862, the next general election was held, and 785 votes were cast. This was a little more than seventeen years ago. The inhabitants then nearly all lived in the counties of Union, Yankton, Clay, Bon Homme, Minnehaha and Pembina. Few dared to venture far from the Big Sioux, Vermillion and Dakota rivers because of the murderous band of Indians then roaming the prairies. In 1861 the first mail route was established in Dakota, being a tri-weekly mail from Sioux City to Ft. Randall. Another was established the same year from Yankton to Sioux Falls.

But it is needless to trace other events in the short history of Dakota. Not quite nineteen years ago she was given a territorial organization with a population of less than two thousand. From the figures given, let us compare to-day with 1861, and see how she has kept pace with time and improvement. One thing against the rapid development of Dakota was the lack of railroads. People seeking homes did not favor getting any farther than necessary from markets, and naturally located near some line of road. Another drawback was then, and some years after, the Indian troubles, and settlers were driven from their homes, oftentimes with a loss of life and invariably the loss of property.

But with all these unfavorable circumstances, Dakota has not been sleeping in the years gone by. The Indians have been assigned reservations and forced to stay there, and the fertile prairies east of the Missouri river are new mellow gardens teeming with civilization. Instead of four or five counties having organizations and containing the entire population of this vast territory, over forty large, healthy counties have organizations and courts. Railroads were unknown for years after 1861 Seven years ago the first train of cars rolled on to Dakota soil. To day hundreds of miles of road are now operated, and a number of lines are pushing across the prairies westward to the mineral deposits on the western boundary and the large coal fields and cattle ranges of Montana. Only a few short years ago all the country west of the Missouri was far in the frontier, and the people who then dared the dangers to occupy those farm lands or gold fields had nothing but what the future promised to cheer them. Now it is different. Railroads are running past their doors; people are locating with them, and what was a homeless prairie a few years ago is now the abode of thousands of industrious men and women. The railroads are building market towns and opening intercourse with the eastern world.

The census of 1870 shows the population of Dakota to be 14,180. The census next year will not come much under 130,000. Look at the wonderful increase. When we consider that the bulk of the increase has been within the last three years, the fact becomes very interesting. Knowing that such has been the internal growth, what may we expect? Time will answer the question; but we predict a state for Dakota south of the 46th parallel second to none in the Union for health and wealth, and for northern Dakota we prophesy a similar future. It must come. What has been of Dakota during the years gone by will look small when compared with her position in the Union at the end of the present century.

PROPOSALS FOR ARMY TRANSPORTATION.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF DAKOTA,
Office Chief Quartermaster,
ST. PAUL, MINN., December 31, 1879.

SEALED PROPOSALS, in triplicate, subject to the usual conditions, will be received at this office, until 12 o'clock noon, on the 2d day of February, 1880, at which time and place they will be opened in the presence of bidders, for the transportation of Military stores, etc., on the following described routes in the Department of Dakota, during the year commencing April 1st, 1880, and ending March 31 1881.

1—WAGON TRANSPORTATION, ON "ROUTE IN MINNESOTA AND DAKOTA"—from and to stations in the State of Minnesota and Territory of Dakota, subject to the conditions contained in form of contract for that service

2—WAGON TRANSPORTATION, ON "ROUTE IN MONTANA"—from and to stations in the territory of Montana, in accordance with conditions contained in form of contract for that service.

3—ON MISSOURI and YELLOWSTONE RIVERS—(combined service) between Yankton, D. T., and Fort Benton, M. T., and posts or stations on the Missouri River, between said places, from the 20th of March to the 10th of November, 1880, and from Yankton and Bismarck, D. T., to Fort Keogh and Big Horn Depot, M. T., and between Fort Keogh and Big Horn Depot on the Yellowstone River, from and between April 1st and September 15, 1880, subject to the conditions contained in the form of contract for this service. Proposals for the river route will be made for the combined service, and should specify a rate PER MILE for each officer, enlisted man or employe and animal, and for 100 POUNDS per 100 MILES for military stores for the whole route. No rates varying with the distance will be entertained

4—FERRIAGE between Fort Abraham Lincoln, D. T., and Bismarck, D. T., and between said Fort and Ferry Landing opposite thereto, subject to the conditions contained in the form of contract for that service.

Each proposal must be in triplicate, separate for each route, and accompanied by a bond in the sum of five thousand dollars ($5,000)—except for ferriage service—executed strictly in accordance with the printed instructions, and upon the blank form furnished under this advertisement, guaranteeing that the party making the proposal shall not withdraw the same within sixty days from the date announced for opening them, and that if said proposal is accepted and a contract for the service [illegible] awarded thereunder, he will, within ten days after being notified of the award, (provided such notification be made within the sixty days above mentioned) accept the same and furnish good and sufficient security at once, in the sum of thirty thousand dollars ($30,000) for the faithful performance of the contract For the ferriage service—the bond accompanying the bid will be for one thousand dollars, ($1,000) and the successful bidder will be required to furnish bonds in the sum of three thousand dollars ($3,000), for the faithful performance of the contract.

The government reserves the right to reject any or all proposals.

In the case of river transportation, bidders must submit a list of boats, giving name, tonnage, age &c., with which they expect to perform the service.

Blank forms of proposal, bond and contracts; also a table of distances on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers, together with a statement of shipment made on said rivers, and an estimate of the quantity transported on the wagon route during the season of 1879, to be used as a basis in determining the lowest bid, may be had on application to this office, or to office of the Quartermaster's Department at Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo., Fort Leavenworth, Ks., Omaha, Neb., Bismarck, D. T., Yankton, D. T., or Helena, M. T.

Envelopes containing proposals should be marked: "Proposals for Transportation on Route in Minnesota and Dakota," "Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers," &c., as the case may be, and addressed to the undersigned.

By order of the Department Commander.
CHAS. H. TOMPKINS, Deputy Q. M. Gen.
U. S. Army, Chief Quartermaster.

Legals.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain Mortgage, which by the power of sale therein contained has become operative, made and executed by [illegible] of Bismarck, D. T., to Ernest Beker and by him assigned to James A. Emmons, bearing date May 11, 1878, on which said mortgage there is due at the date of this notice, four Hundred and Ninety-six dollars.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the Power of sale in said Mortgage contained and of the Statute in such case made and provided, the Sheriff of Burleigh county or his Deputy will sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder on Saturday the 17th day of January, A. D. 1880, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the front door of the City Hall in the city of Bismarck, the premises described in said mortgage or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the sum of four hundred and ninety-six dollars and the sum of Fifty dollars Attorney's Fee, provided for in said mortgage, together with the costs allowed by law. Said above mentioned premises being described as follows:

Lots Thirteen, (13) Fourteen (14) and Fifteen, (15), in Block Seventy six, (76), according to the recorded plat thereof of the town of Edwinton, now on file in the office of the Register of Deeds of Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, otherwise known as Williams' survey of the East half of the North east quarter of Section [illegible] Township one hundred and thirty [illegible] of Range eighty, together with all the appurtenances thereto belonging.

Dated Bismarck, D. T., Nov 26, 1879.
JAMES A. EMMONS,
Assignee of Mortgage.

D. O. PRESTON,
Attorney for Assignee. 27-33

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, In Justice's Court, County of Burleigh. } Before Geo H. Glass, Justice of the Peace.

P. M. Granberry and P. Leo, copartners, doing business under the firm name and style of Granberry & Leo, Plaintiffs,
vs.
Mary Brown, Defendant.
SUMMONS

The Territory of Dakota sends greeting to Mary Brown, Defendant

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office, in said county on the 14th day of January A. D. 1880, at 10 o'clock a m to answer to the complaint of the above named plaintiffs, Granberry & Leo, who claims to recover of you the sum of Thirty-Eight Dollars and Seventy seven Cents as principal and interest for goods, wares and merchandise sold and delivered to defendant by plaintiffs at defendant's request And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, said plaintiffs will take judgment against you for the said amount of Thirty Eight Dollars and Seventy-seven Cents, together with costs and damages

Given under my hand this 24th day of November, A. D. 1879.
GEO. H. GLASS,
Justice of the Peace within and for Burleigh County, D. T.

A. D. PRATT, Att'y for Plffs. 27-32

Experience Necessary.

Experience in every branch of business ensures success. Inventors who secure the services of attorneys familiar with Patents, and the practice of the Patent office rarely fail in obtaining Patents. The same rule applies in all Contested, Mineral, and Land Claims brought before the General Land Office.

Presbrey & Green, 509 Seventh street, Washton, D. C., have had years of experience in practice in all Departments of the Government. (Send stamp for information.)

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on Breech-Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers. OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illustrated Catalogue. P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

A [illegible] many orders [illegible] advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profits divided pro rata on investments of $25 to $10,000. Circular, with full explanations how all can succeed in stock dealings, mailed free. LAWRENCE & CO., 55 Exchange Place, New York.

Jewell's History and Directory of Bismarck $1.00.

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BISMARCK, D. T.

C. S. WEAVER & CO.,
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Main House 131, 133 & 135 Kinzie St.
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Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 10th St.
Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter, 17th St.
Ottumwa, Iowa, 20 Main St.
Des Moines Iowa, Walnut & Second Sts.
Junction City, Kansas, South 7th St.
Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St.
Pueblo, Colorado.
Bismarck, Dakota.

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Thos. Van Etten,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BISMARCK D. T. 3tf

D. MACNIDER & CO.
Harness Makers and Saddlers,
Tribune Block, 41 Main St.
Keep a Complete Assortment of
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Repairing a Specialty. 20M

DO NOT FAIL to send for our NEW PRICE LIST. More complete than ever. Contains descriptions of every thing required for *personal or family use*, with over 1000 Illustrations. Send nine cents for it. (Stamps will do.) We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make this their special business. Address,
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,
227 & 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ills.

MANDAN COLUMN.

P. O. CHILSTROM. FRANK J. MEAD.
CHILSTROM & MEADE—Attorneys at Law, Mandan, D. T.

AUSTIN LOGAN.
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
and
BAKERY.
Third Street, Bismarck, D. T. The choicest goods at the lowest prices. 15tf

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Groceries, Provisions, Flour,
Candy, Fruit,
Crockery, Glass Ware,
and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office. 4

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co. Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine.

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E. L. Strauss & Bro.,
WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,
BISMARCK, D. T.

REMOVAL.
The Tailoring Establishment
OF
GOULD & DAHL

Has been removed to Main Street, next door to Day & Plants, where they will be glad to serve all their old customers and the public in their usual first class style and at low prices.

A FINE STOCK OF GOODS
constantly on hand. Call and leave your orders.
26tf GOULD & DAHL.

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Proprietor
TONSORIAL PARLORS,
Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.
Hair-Cutting and Shampooing
A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths. 4

Just Received
at J. C. Cady's, pretty and serviceable holiday goods, ladies' and children's willow chairs, cribs, doll cradles, toy furniture setts, sleighs, nobby rocking horses, etc. Call and examine my goods at Cady's Furniture store, Third street, Bismarck.

HARDY FRUITS
OUR SPECIALTY.

Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Hardy Trees in the State.

A FULL LINE
Of everything desirable New Farms and Nurseries furnished with the best of Stock at low Prices

OUR NEW SIBERIANS
Furnished Choice Eating and Cooking Apples, Sweet and Sour, Summer and Winter, to suit every locality Send for Descriptive Price List

Local Agents Wanted Everywhere.
J. C. PLUMB & SON,
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who suffer with **RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS and SEXUAL DEBILITY, General Ill Health,** Wasting, Decay, **Urinary Diseases, Spinal Diseases, Dyspepsia, Etc., Etc.,** to whom will be sent my book on Medical Electricity, and Electro Galvanic Belts, world renowned for their success in saving many lives, by ***Curing All* CHRONIC DISEASES.** Send Symptoms and stamp for Diagnosis to ***DR. G. W. FORBES*, 174 W. Fourth St Cincinnati, O.**

Report of the condition of the
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF BISMARCK,
At Bismarck, in the Territory of Dakota, at the close of business, Dec. 12th, 1879.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$ 47,321	81
Overdrafts	81	33
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	35,000	00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages	6,247	16
Due from approved reserve agents	8,646	25
Due from other National Banks	12,830	19
Due from State banks and bankers	1,554	6
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	2,232	00
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,227	7
Premiums paid	368	9
Checks and other cash items	945	8
Bills of other banks	1,489	0
Fractional currency, (including nickels)	2	16
Specie (including gold Treasury certificates)	2,930	38
Legal tender notes	7,500	00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	1,350	00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund	1,000	00
Total	$130,717	16

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 40,000	00
Undivided profits	1,599	76
National bank notes outstanding	27,000	00
Individual deposits subject to check	45,403	93
Demand certificates of deposit	3,209	00
Time certificates of deposit	10,095	54
Due to other National Banks	3,408	93
Total	$130,717	16

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, } ss
COUNTY OF BURLEIGH, }

I, G. H. Fairchild, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. G. H. FAIRCAILD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of Jan. 1880. EMER N. COREY, Clerk of Dist. Court.

Correct—Attest:
H. R. PORTER,
DAN. EISENBERG,
ASA FISHER, } Directors.

Weekly Weather Report.
BISMARCK, D., T. JAN. 9. 1880.

	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
Barometer.	30.291	29.415	29.884
Thermometer.	41	14	14.9
Humidity, (Rel.)	100	25	69.4
Wind's hourly velocity,	48	0	

Winds, prevalent direction, E
Winds, total movement, 1417 miles
Rainfall 00
Lunar Halo, 1
Solar Halo, 0

Note: Barometer corrected for temperature and levation

C. CRAMER,
Sergt. Sig. Corps, U.S.A.
Office U. S. Mil. Tel. Station,

TAXES DUE.

Notice is hereby given that on and after Jan. 31, 1880, a penalty of 10 per cent will be added to all taxes due and not paid, which will become delinquent after that date.

W. B. WATSON,
County Treasurer.
Bismarck, D. T., Jan. 9, 1880

LOUIS LARSON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
Custom Boots and Shoes.
—o—
The Most Fashionable Shop in the West.
—o—
Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to.
NO. 8 NORTH THIRD ST.,
BISMARCK, D. T.

WOODCHOPPERS WANTED
At Fort Buford, D. T.
Will pay
$1.00 Per Cord
For Chopping Green Cottonwood.
Work all winter if desired.
LEIGHTON & JORDAN.

The wheat crop of the United States was increased 26,000,000 bushels last year principally in Ohio and adjoining states.

McLEAN & MACNIDER,
Wholesale
Grocers.
Sole Agents for Schlitz's Export Beer and Peasley's Ale and Porter
Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS,
BISMARCK, D. T.

JOHN LUDEWIG,
DEALER IN
Clothing, Boots and Shoes,
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GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.
98 Main Street, - - - Bismarck, D. T.
New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourselves. 20tf

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W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,
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DUNN & CO.,
PIONEER DRUGGISTS,
A Full Line of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, Etc.,
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

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Watchmakers and Jewelers.
Also dealers in all kinds of
SEWING MACHINES.

A SURE CURE FOR CATARRH
Will be mailed with INSUFFLATOR all complete for $1.50. Address DR. C. R. SYKES, 169 E. Madison St., Chicago, Ill., who was cured by it nine years ago. Thousands cured since. If afraid of being humbugged, name this paper, and send ten cents to pay printing and postage for Book of full information, testimonials, etc You will never regret it.

ASA FISHER,
Wholesale Dealer in
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Main-st., opp. Sheridan House.
Sole Agent for Val Blatz' Milwaukee Premium Export Lager Beer.

MONTANA MARKET,
Corner Second and Main Streets,
JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,
DEALERS IN
FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH,
POULTRY, GAME,
Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and Canned Goods.
Special Attention given to the Steamboat Trade.
10tf

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AND
U. S. MAIL.

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days
Stages will leave Fort Buford on same days at from Bismarck, at 6 a. m.
For express, freigth or passage apply to
JOHN LEASURE,
Agent, at J. W. Raymond & Co's, or to
LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

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MASTERED BY PASSION.

Aunt Annie's Story.

"I admit that Ruth is quick-tempered and that she often says things that she does not mean."

It was Hannah Cleaves who spoke, and she was defending her young and pretty cousin, who had been not quite two years the wife of Charles Gray.

"Still," said Susan Adams, another cousin, "I must say that she is much to blame. Her husband is one of the kindest and best of men, and I know that she often makes him unhappy. She might act differently if she would."

"I am not sure of that," returned Hannah. "She is not to blame for the evil disposition which was born in her. She cannot help her own nature. No two of us are alike in all our feelings, and we are all apt to act about as we feel. It is unfortunate that some people are diseased; but I cannot say, that those are to blame who have inherited their disease from their ancestors. And so it is with our disposition."

"But," suggested Susan, "that person who has inherited a disease which works mischief not only to herself, but all around her, is certainly to blame if she does not make any exertion to get rid of it."

"Ay," cried Hannah, "but there are diseases which cannot be got rid of; and I say that Cousin Ruth cannot be blamed for her feelings, because they come in spite of her, and when they have come she cannot hide them."

Aunt Annie Dismore laid her knitting-work aside and gravely shook her head.

"Hannah," she said, with deep solemnity, "you may at some time be a mother; and when that time comes, let me urge you not to teach your children the doctrine you have been upholding here."

Aunt Annie was such a good, kind woman, and she loved us all so well, and did so much for our happiness, that even Hannah Cleaves was respectfully silent beneath the gentle reproof.

"A little while ago," our aunt went on, "you were speaking of willful people. Now, I admire strong self-will when it is bent in the right direction. The noblest of God's children are those who have strong wills. The Christian martyrs were extremely self-willed. Self-will is a beneficial force when it is made to uphold virtue and goodness. And cultivate self-will as much as you please, and make it subservient to right. I fear the trouble with Ruth Gray is, that she has no self-will. What you call self-will in her is only perverseness and inconsistency. She exercises no will at all, but is the creature of circumstance, suffering herself to be swayed to and fro by every gust of passion that sweeps across her path."

When Aunt Annie laid her knitting-work upon the table, and folded her hands in her lap, we knew she had something of interest to say to us, for she was not a woman who talked for the sake of talking.

"I tell you, girls," she said, "we can if we will! If we will do right, we can do right. She who practically denies this casts aside the very foundation of virtuous character, and erects her structure of life upon a basis of sand. I am going to tell you a story of my own life. You call me good; and I think I am good to you. At all events I try to be so. But my goodness of temper came to me through a mighty effort of will, as you shall see. When I was young I was more perverse than your Cousin Ruth ever was. My temper was quick and high; I was subject to fits of despondency that made all around me miserable; and I excused myself upon the plea that such was my nature—I could not help it. When I became the wife of Jacob Dismore I was very happy, and I thought myself very fortunate, for I knew that I had won for a husband one of the best young men in the town. Your Uncle Jacob was then just what he is now—kind, generous, loving, forbearing and faithful to a fault. For the first six months of our married life I did not allow my bad temper to show itself much; but at length my honeymoon waned, and my old feelings began to manifest themselves. I became, in short, just what I was before I was married. People called me self-willed; but I had no self-will. I did not will to be cross and petulant. I was cross and petulant because I had no will to be otherwise. Sometimes I had bad feelings, and I had no will no overcome them. The slightest thing that crossed me found me so entirely devoid of will that it swayed me at its pleasure. At the end of two years there was more of misery than of happiness in my home, and I could not hide from myself the fact that I was the cause of it all; and yet I tried to convince myself that I was not to blame. When my mother talked with me, I declared that I could not help it; and when my husband ventured to allude to the subject. I flew into a passion. I could not bear a chiding from him. In fact, his very kindness and goodness sometimes fretted me; and when he offered to point out to me my errors it seemed as though he were preaching to me, and I would not listen.

"Girls, I tell you truly when I tell that I believe no one was ever more firmly fixed in the habit of ill-feeling than I was at that time, and I did certainly then believe that I could not help it.

"Some time before we were married there had been a volunteer artillery company in our town, and, as Jacob was the only commissioned officer living in the town itself, he took charge of the property which belonged to the corps, thus retaining control of the two handsome cannon. One royal birthday the townspeople raised money for a celebration of the occasion, and, among other things, a royal salute to be fired in the morning, at noon, and at sundown, of which my husband was to have charge.

"During the day I received an invitation to join some friends in a sail upon the river, and, as I could not very well go to the landing alone, I asked Jacob to go with me. He said it would interfere with other duties, and he could not go. I asked him if he thought the firing of the salutes was of more importance than the making of happiness for his wife, and, when he had foiled me at the argument, I asked him why he could not let some one else take charge of the cannon. He answered me calmly and candidly that he dared not trust the gun in other hands. He was the only one who understood how to properly handle it, and he felt obliged to attend to it. He told me how many accidents had happened through the mistakes of inexperienced and careless persons, and he could not feel right to neglect the duty he had promised to perform.

"That was in the afternoon. At 6 o'clock it was time for me to start for the landing place, if I meant to go; but I would not go unless my husband went. He had sent for a carriage to ake me down, but I would not use it. I shrank away into a fit of the sulks, and so remained until it came time for Jacob to go away with his gun. As he was putting on his hat my temper burst forth into a wild flame, and his calm answer only maddened me. At length I pushed him beyond the bounds of human endurance, and he turned upon me more sternly than he had ever before done. He did not speak angrily, but he spoke as an offended parent might have spoken to an offending child. This set my blood completely afire, and I cannot tell you all the wicked things I said.

"'Annie,' he said to me, as he stood near the door, 'it might have been better for both of us if we had never met.'

"I answered him hotly and passionately that I hoped we might never meet again. 'If you were dead,' said I, 'I should be happier than I am now!'

"'No, no, Annie, you do not mean that,' he replied to me.

"And I cried out that I did mean it, and I declared that I hoped I might never see him again alive. And he went away as I said those words.

"My dear girls, do you think such words could ever have come from my lips? Ah, you do not know to what wild and wicked results of language a course of unbridled license will lead. If, when Ruth Gray is angrily disputing with her husband, some shorthand writer could take down her words just as they fall from her lips, and should afterward show them to her, she would honestly declare that she never, never spoke such things. And so, when many mothers are fretfully disputing with their children, could they hear themselves as others hear them, they would be shocked beyond measure. When passion becomes our master we are blind as well as insane, and the sin is not in what is then said, but rather in allowing the adversary the first foothold.

"My husband went away and left me alone, and when he had gone I sat down and cried till I was tired. By-and-by I heard the report of the cannon, and I thought, suppose some accident should happen to Jacob! Suppose he should be killed! Suppose they should bring him home dead! As these thoughts came to me, I remembered what a good, kind husband he had been, and I also remembered how cruel and unjust I had been. Again and again came the booming report of cannon, and at each report the dread grew stronger and stronger upon me. Oh, what would I have then given could I have recalled the wicked words I had spoken! But they had gone forth, and I must abide the result. Heavier and heavier grew the weight upon my heart, until at length I thought I should go crazy if Jacob did not soon return. My crime loomed up before me darkly and threateningly, and it seemed to me that my husband's death was to be my punishment. Oh, when would the firing cease, and when would my husband come home, that I might fall upon his neck and ask his pardon for all the wickedness I had done?

"The firing ceased at length, but, instead of hopefulness, the dread became heavier. I was hunting for my bonnet, intending to go out amd meet my husband, when I heard heavy feet in the garden. The cloud had settled down and the thunder crash had gone. Men came in and told me not to be frightened—my husband was hurt, but they hoped not seriously. Perhaps they thought I was calm; they did not know that my heart was frozen, and that the fount of emotion was shut up. Then other men brought my husband in on a wide board, and I saw that his limbs were limp and lifeless, that his face was like marble, and that there was blood upon the beard—blood trickling down upon the floor! And I heard them talk; they told me that he had been run over by the heavy gun-carriage—that, in coming down the hill from where the salute had been fired, men and boys, in wild confusion, had seized the trail-rope, and that my husband, in attempting to prevent the rush, had been knocked down and run over.

"Two doctors came. I heard them talk of a broken leg, of broken ribs, and of other injuries, and during all this time I was as one in a horrid dream, unable to move or to speak, and almost suffocating. By-and-by I heard one of the doctors say that he would live, and then I sank down senseless.

"When I came to my senses it was night, and one of the neighbors sat at my bedside. I told them I wished to see my husband, but I was informed that he was asleep, and that I must not disturb him then. In the morning I went to him, and he put up his well arm and drew me down upon the pillow and kissed me. And he told me not to worry myself; he was badly hurt, but if I would nurse him and love him he would soon get well.

"Love him! Oh, my soul, how strong I felt then—how strong in my love and in my determination to be a true and faithful wife!"

Aunt Annie took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes, and presently added:

"Girls, that was forty years ago, and from that day to this I have not spoken one cross word to my husband. My nature is not changed at all; but I have gained control of my will, and bent it in the right direction; and when once I found how much pure joy there was in doing right it came very easy to do it.

"Ah! here comes your Uncle Jacob now. See how good he looks! You can see his gray hairs, and note the wrinkles upon his brow; but to me he is as young as ever, and I know that our love was never more fresh than it is now."

Just then Uncle Jacob came in, and when, an hour later, we saw him and Aunt Annie in the garden together picking flowers like two young lovers we were forced to the conclusion that they were really and truly a happy couple; and Hannah Cleaves had no more reason to defend Cousin Ruth against the charge of folly and wickedness in allowing her own ill-temper to make herself and her husband miserable.

A Japanese Legend.

Among the collection of Japanese legends published under the auspices of the Royal Asiatic Society of London is the following: "In the year A. D. 1184 Nori-yori and Yoshitsune, the brothers of Yoritomo and the leaders of the *Genji*, defeated the *Heiki*, who fled to Den-no-ura, in Yashima, province of Nagato, taking with them Toki-hito, the son of the Mikado by the daughter of Kiymori, the great leader of the *Heiki*. A great storm coming on, hostilities were suspended, and after its becoming calm a large vessel was seen to approach the shore in the neighborhood of the *Genji* encampment. It was soon recognized as the royal barge, and a small boat was seen to put off from it containing one o the ladies of the court: she raised and spread out a gilt fan on which was painted a crimson sun (*hi no maru*) on the split end of a bamboo, and waved toward the shore her own fan, made of thin *ki no ki*.

"Yoshitsune observing this called upon his followers to shoot at it with their long bows, but all declined to attempt the feat; at last Nasu-novoichi Munetaka of Shimotzuke, the most celebrated archer of the eight provinces, was charged to support the fame of the Genji in the face of the enemy. Taking but one arrow, and mounting his warhorse, he vowed to succeed, or in event of failure to commit suicide, and then rode out in the shoal water as far as he could toward the *Ogi no mato* (fan target). He then observed the boat to be so unsteady on the water, rising and falling on the waves raised by the late storm, that his heart almost failed him, but closing his eyes he fervently breathed the warrior's prayer, *Namu Hachimau* (*Daibo-satz*), and then opening his eyes saw the boat for a moment steady in the moving billows. He then drew his bow, and releasing the shaft saw the fan rise aloft to the skies.

A shout of astonishment and admiration arose from the shore, and also from the enemy, and all were congratulating and thanking Munetaka, when one captious and jealous man disputed the fact of the fan being struck, and accounted for its disappearance by saying it was profane to shoot at the image of the sun: and the gods had snatched the fan away to protect it from harm. Munetaka then stated that he had aimed at the iron rivit, and not at the round sun; but this was discredited and set down as a vain boast. Presently a boat approached the shore from the imperial barge bearing a flag of truce, and the messenger brought back the arrow and the fan, with a complimentary message from the Ten-O. On examination the fan showed the mark where it had been struck by the arrow, in the metal rivit, as Munetaka had boasted. This clever archer was the ancestor of the family of Satake, Princess of Akita in Dewa, and the family cognizance is a fan with a round sun."

A Moment of Terrible Suspense.

Mr. Jerome, of West Waterford, N. Y. had reached the center of the railroad bridge at Cohoes when a train came thundering along. There was no room to stand on the side of the track, no time to return, his only safety being in dropping down beneath the ties and hanging suspended over the river fifty feet beneath. Bracing himself for the strain, he let himself down, clasping his arms tightly about the cross-piece. The train having passed, he found that he lacked strength to lift himself up again. He shrieked for aid and tried in vain to draw himself up by the strength of his arms. His hold was weakening and death seemed near. He was about relinquishing his grasp and resigning himself to his fate when he heard a cry of encouragement. He rallied his forces for another struggle. But his fingers were slipping, his hold relaxing. His hope was gone, when he felt his arms grasped, and he was saved. When drawn up he was unable to stand.

NAPOLEON AND THE SOUTH.

Thurlow Weed's Mission to Europe—An Episode of the Civil War.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Of the four Commissioners who were sent over to Europe by President Lincoln—Archbishop Hughes, Bishop McIlvaine, Gen. Scott and Mr. Weed—all were confident that Napoleon was friendly. The same delusion was shared by Mr. Dayton, the Minister at Paris, and Mr. Bigelow, the Consul General; and, had it not been for what may be called an accident that brought the news of Napoleon's hostility to the ears of Mr. Dayton, our representatives might have gone on laboring under the delusion that France would not interfere until she had declared war against us. Every subsequent event was fortunate. Mr. Dayton, as soon as the rumor came to him, sent to London post-haste for Mr. Weed, who left immediately. As soon as he arrived he was informed of the unpleasant news. Mr. Weed happened to remember that he had a letter of introduction to one M. Lubat. He delivered it at once, and his apprehensions were confirmed, as M. Lubat informed him that the danger of war was imminent. He advised him to have an audience with the Emperor at once, to which Mr. Weed replied that Mr. Dayton would arrange one, but probably could not effect it until after the meeting of the Chambers. This would be too late, as the mischief by that time would have been done. M. Lubat volunteered to arrange the interview, and on the very next day succeeded in procuring an audience for Mr. Weed with the Count De Morny. The result of that interview is thus stated by Mr. Weed:

Upon my expressing the solicitude felt by our Minister, Mr. Dayton, in relation to the forthcoming speech of the Emperor, De Morny, with considerable emphasis, said that France was suffering so seriously fom our civil war that the Emperor would be compelled to refer to the subject in his address. I inquired if all wars of commercial nations did not, necessarily, more or less inconvenience neighboring nations. He replied that our war was an exceptional one; that other nations were dependent upon us for cotton; that our blockade and the destruction of the Charleston harbor had deprived Europe of an article essential to its interests; that France was a paternal Government, and when it could not furnish its people with labor was compelled to supply them with bread. When I urged that the blockade, as a war measure, found precedents in European wars, the Count replied that there was no such justification or excuse for destroying the harbor of Charleston, one of the most important, if not the most important, cotton harbor in our country. I replied that the Count was laboring under a misapprehension in regard to Charleston harbor; that, instead of being demolished, it had simply been obstructed, and that the rocks placed there could be readily removed when there was no further occasion for such obstruction.

Every objection that was offered by the Count was removed by Mr. Weed, and every alleged violation of international practices was justified by precedents in the French and English wars. At the close of the interview the Count said that he should meet the Emperor on the evening when the speech to the Chambers would be read first to the Cabinet, and would present his points. The next day the Emperor made his speech, and it was amicable. The danger had blown over. Had Mr. Weed been a day later, or had he failed to procure the interview, we might have had a war with France on our hands, and at the very time when England was most hostile to us, and was inflamed with indignation at the arrest of Mason and Slidell. The escape seems almost providential in every one of its details, and in none less than in the fact that this delicate duty was intrusted to such an intelligent and skillful representative as Mr. Weed.

Fortunate Deliverance.

Mr. Powell, the Commander of the Queen Charlotte, was, in the year 1817 fortunate enough to recover from a rock twenty-one miles northwest of Nooaheevah, one of the Marquesas, a man that had been its solitary inhabitant for nearly three years. His account stated that, early in 1814 he proceeded thither from Nooaheevah with four others, all of whom had left an American ship there, for the purpose of procuring feathers that were in high estimation among the natives of Nooaheevah; but, losing their boat on the rock, three of his companions in a short time perished through famine, and principally from thirst, as there was no water but what was supplied by rain. His fourth companion continued with him but a few weeks, when he formed a resolution of attempting to swim, with the aid of a splintered fragment that remained of their boat, to the island, in which effort he must have inevitably perished. He had once himself attempted to quit his forlorn situation by constructing a catamaran, but failed, and lost all means of any future attempt. They had originally taken fire with them from Nooaheevah, which he had always taken care to continue, except on one occasion, when it became extinguished, and never could have been restored but by a careful preservation of three or four grains of gunpowder, and the lock of a musket, which he had broken up for the construction of his catamaran. The flesh and blood of wild birds were his sole aliment; with the latter he quenched his thirst in seasons of long dryness. The discovery made of him from the Queen Charlotte was purely accidental; the rock was known to be desolate and barren, and the appearance of a fire, as the vessel passed it on an evening, attracted notice, and produced an inquiry which proved fortunate to the forlorn inhabitant of the rock, in procuring his removal to Nooaheevah, whither Mr. Powell conveyed him, and left him under the care of a European of the name of Wilson, who had resided there for many years, and with whom the hermit had had a previous acquaintanced.

Severe Droughts.

An interesting record is that of severe droughts as far back as the landing of the Pilgrims. How many thousand times are observations made like the following: "Such a cold season!" "Such a hot season!" "Such dry weather!" or "Such wet weather!" "Such high winds or calms!" etc. All those who think that the dry spell we are experiencing at the present time is something remarkable will do well to read the following:

In the summer of 1621, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1630, 41 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1657, 75 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1662, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1674, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1680, 31 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1694, 62 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1705, 40 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1715, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1728, 61 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1730, 92 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1741, 72 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1749, 108 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1755, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1762, 123 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1773, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1791, 82 days i succession without rain.

In the summer of 1802, 23 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1812, 28 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1856, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1871, 42 days in succession without rain.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

A Valuable Witness.

There had been great tribulation in a tenement house, on Battle row, in West Fortieth street, and Mrs. Kane had got a black eye and lost a couple of handfuls of hair through Mrs. Nolan's tender manipulation. At length the law was invoked, and to the Jefferson Market Police Court the belligerents went to demand that justice be meted out. There had been only a couple of witnesses examined when a little woman with a snap in her eyes elbowed her way up to the stand, put her arms akimbo, and with a defiant shake of the head faced the defendant, who was a perfect Amazon.

"What's your name?" his Honor asked.

"Bridget McShane, may it plaze yer 'Anner, and I'm not afraid to say it." This with another defiant dip of the bonnet.

"You want to testify?"

"I do, sir."

"Did you take part in this trouble?"

"I didn't, sir."

"Did you see it begin?

"I didn't, sir."

"Were you there while it was in progress?"

"Not I, sir."

"Nor when it ended?"

"Indade I wasn't."

"Well, what in the name of common sense brought you here if you know nothing about it?"

"'Twas that big huzzy there, sir," designating the defendant. "She sed there wasn't a woman in the house dare appear agen her. So I kem to show that Bridget McShane cares nothin' for her nor all her breed."

Any further testimony from so valuable a witness was dispensed with.—*New York Herald.*

An Inveterate Hater of Frogs.

A dog likes company, and, when exiled from canine society, will often find amusement in foreign partnerships. Recently a Montville man carried home a young terrier dog. There were no other dogs in the neighborhood, so he broke the monotony of the place by playing with toads. He actually became an adept in discovering their haunts, and when they hopped he would hop, and when they were at rest he rested. He showed every symptom of delight over the fact he could leap further than the toad could, not recognizing the disparity in length of body and limbs in his favor. One day he nosed out a bull-frog in the wet grass that proved to be the prince of tremendous leapers, and, trying his jumping powers with it, he was defeated. Astonished, he looked at the frog as it leaped away, but before it had got off the premises, as if in a fit of jealousy, he ran after it and killed it. He still noses out toads, and playfully touches them with his feet to make them jump with him, but from the day he was beaten by the frog at leaping he has insisted on killing every frog he meets in his travels.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

He Couldn't Help It.

The wife of a well-known literary gentleman, while reading one of his articles for the press, corrected it as she went along, and the errors were numerous and bad. "Why, husband," she exclaimed, "you don't know the first rules of grammar, else you are very negligent." "Well, well, my love," he exclaimed, looking up from his work; "what's the matter now?" "Why, in three cases you speak of our sex in the plural, and write it in the singular number." "I can't help it," was the retort, "woman is a singular being."

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
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CHASED BY COYOTES.

BY CROOKS.

All Californians who have ever traveled in our Golden States much have either seen or heard of coyotes. Therefore it will be unnecessary for me to give a minute description of the animal.

As a general thing they resemble the dog; are, however, smaller than a common-sized cur, and have a long, pointed nose; they are inveterate cowards, and very rarely attack men, unless hard pressed by hunger.

Many a weary miner has had his slumbers ruthlessly broken by the unearthly howlings of the coyotes, and in extreme indignation has seized his gun with the intention of putting an end to some of his tormentors, but sailed out only to see the whole pack scamper off.

However cowardly coyotes may usually be, I, for one, have just cause for bitter hatred for the animal, as I once had an adventure with them that came near costing me my life.

In the winter of '53 I was residing in one of our mountain towns, and often, by way of recreation, would take my gun and go to a small stream called Dry Creek, about three miles from the town, in pursuit of ducks—which article of game was very plenty there.

One afternoon I took my fowling-piece and sought my usual haunts for ducks. I was very fortunate, and before nightfall had bagged more than I had anticipated; consequence was, I ran out of powder. Inwardly upbraiding myself for not bringing more, I started for home. By this time it was probably an hour after sunset.

It was a glorious night. The stars were out in all their brilliant magnificence; the moon soared high in an unclouded sky, affording me sufficient light to travel with ease

I was charmed with the beauty of the evening, and was walking at a slow pace, humming snatches of tunes I had often heard from the lips of loved ones, when suddenly I heard the familiar howl of a coyote.

"Ah, you cowardly beast," I mentally ejaculated, were you only within gunshot, and I had my never-failing Old Tom (that was the name I always called my gun) loaded, I would send you into the middle of next week making a different noise from that."

As I proceeded further, the howlings increased, and occasionally a coyote more bold than the rest would venture out of the thicket, take a good look at me and disappear.

"Supposing they should attack me now," thought I, "here in this desolate and lonesome place, with no powder to use in my defense. Pooh!" I laughed at the idea. "What, coyotes attack a man? Those sulky devils that throwing a stone at would drive away? Ha, ha!"

As I proceeded farther toward home the howlings became more numerous, and gangs of two and three would cross my path at a distance if probably one hundred feet, and scamper off at my throwing a stone at them.

I was probably a mile and a half from where I was hunting when I noticed that the coyotes began to throw off their timidity, and would approach quite near me. "Getting tame," thought I "undoubtedly know I am out of powder, and think to impress me with the idea that you are a a courageous set of hounds. O, you can't come that game" and I threw a stone at a large, long-nosed fellow, which struck him on the head, and had a tendency to accelerate his movements.

Nearer and nearer the ugly things would come, till finally I noticed that some were following at about fifty feet distance. Still this did not excite any suspicion that I was to be attacked.

I was now about half way home, and began to feel uneasy, as the pack had steadily increased, until they numbered some twenty-five, all the while snapping, growling, and fighting, and, as you may imagine, making rather an unpleasant noise for a lone traveler, at night, and fully a mile from my house

Closer and closer they pressed as I walked along at rather a brisker pace than when I started. They seemed to really mean mischief by their actions.

I admit a cold perspiration broke out on my forehead; but still I would not admit that I was in danger. True, I had heard of instances where men had been killed by coyotes, but had never placed faith in such stories.

Snapping and growling like a lot of hungry dogs over a bone, the whole pack were following close at my heels, and at every step they seemed to gain upon me, until they were within ten feet of me.

Turning round, I shouted with all my might and threw a handful of small stones at them, with the idea of frightening them away; but it wouldn't do; they were not to be put to flight by either loud words or stones. Nearer they advanced, stretching out in the form of a semi-circle, and presenting a very formidable front. Occasionally one would make a feint as though to fasten his teeth in my leg. So, bringing my gun from my shoulder, I used it as a sort of club in defence.

Grasping it by the barrels firmly, I would bring it down with considerable force on the body of any coyote that would make a dash at me.

By this time they were very close to me; so close, in fact, that I could hit one every time I swung my gun; and now the startling fact broke upon my mind that I was the game they were after. I had read of horrible adventures with wolves, and here was a species of animals equally as formidable as any wolves, and having as murderous intentions as any wolves ever had.

O, the horrible thought of being made food for this, at any other time, cowardly set of whelps! A thousand thoughts crowded through my mind. Home and friends, mother and loved ones, whom I had left far away and journeyed to this land of gold only to meet an untimely end. I grew faint, and would have fallen, but the thought of my perilous position gave me strength and nerved my arm for the unequal contest.

With all the force I could muster, I swung my gun right and left, striking a coyote every time, but without any apparent effect; for as speedily as one coyote would fall back, two or three would crowd in his place.

Some ten minutes I thus combated my terrible enemies, advancing backwards, for I had a dim hope that by this means I might near the cabin of some miner, who would come to my rescue, and still the coyotes gave no signs of falling back. I grew weak and faint, I know not why; but all hope seemed to have fled, and despair took possession of my soul

My gun fell harmlessly from my hands, and was immediately trampled under foot by the coyotes. As if by instinct I took one long step backwards, when heavens! the earth seemed to crumble under my feet. I felt myself going slowly, slowly, I know not where. Was I being devoured by coyotes? I fainted.

* * * * * * *

When I regained my senses, I found myself in the water at the bottom of an old shaft that had been sunk by some prospecting party, and which was probably thirty feet deep

I could hardly believe my own senses. I was really alive and safe from danger. No matter what predicament I was in now, I was removed from immediate death, and I felt thankful. With the exception of a sprained ankle, I sustained no injuries.

The coyotes hovered around the mouth of the shaft until near morning, when they disappeared, no doubt very much disgusted with their night's sport.

Early next morning my loud cries attracted the attention of a party of miners on their way to work, when I was rescued from my damp bed, and you may imagine I felt grateful enough when I found myself once more surrounded by friends.

The Fame of Thackeray.

Thackeray is the only novelist of his time, it may safely be said, whose popularity is increasing. While his rivals are suffering from the reaction that always follows success, he has been steadily gaining ground. His mood is critical enough to suit the taste of the time, and not critical enough to injure his novels as works of art, for it is obvious that, with all his hatred of shams, Thackeray's scorn of conventions did not go deep. In spite of his professions, he was contented to accept a very conventional code of morality, and he turned away with indifference from many questions which a man thirty years his junior could not let pass so easily. At bottom he showed the optimism of the Waterloo warriors whose weaknesses he knew so well how to expose, and had he not done so he would have been a far less delightful writer than he is. It is this mixture of half-hearted pessimism and real optimism that makes Thackeray so popular at present. He was, too, the earliest prophet of the Queen Anne's men, and of that reaction in favor of the eighteenth century that is now so powerful, and secures for "Esmond" a preference to which we venture to think it is not entitled. Admitting that Thackeray bestowed more labor on "Esmond," and showed more artistic conscience in it than in any of his other books, we cannot allow that, admirable as it is as a piece of "restoration," it has the vitality of "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes." It is as a painter of his own times—a painter who had no rival in his own day—that Thackeray will be remembered, and time will make of these wonderful novels true historical romances. They will live as vivid pictures of English society in the first half of the nineteenth century.—*The Athenæum.*

Practical President Lincoln.

In incident is related by Mr. Murdoch, the tragedian, of Abraham Lincoln. Few who lived through the war have yet forgotten the poem of the "Sleeping Sentinel," which was written by Janvier in commemoration of an act of clemency by Lincoln in pardoning a young Vermont volunteer at the very moment when he had been led out to be shot for sleeping at his post. The first public reading of this poem by Mr. Murdoch took place at the White House, the President, the poet, and a large assembly being present. Before reading the verses aloud Murdoch privately pointed out to Mr. Janvier a slight poetic license where he had described the arrival of the President with the pardon as being accompanied by the sound of rolling wheels, whereas Lincoln had ridden on horseback to the place of execution. Janvier thought it a matter of very trifling consequence, and the reading proceeded. At the close the President and many of the party were in tears. Lincoln, wiping the tell-tale drops from his cheeks, then said hastily in a smothered voice, "Very touching, Mr. Janvier, but I did not go in a coach."

"Oh, well, Mr. Lincoln," said Senator Foote, of Vermont, "we all know you would have gone on foot if it had been necessary." "Yes, but the fact is—and let us stick to the fact—I went on horseback," insisted Mr. Lincoln.—*Philadelphia Times.*

EUGENIE, before she ever saw Louis Napoleon, had laid a romantic plan for releasing him from the prison of Ham, because her imagination told her she was to be the guardian angel of imperial France.

THE estimated number of Indians now living is 300,000.

Burke and the Grasshopper.

The greatest men have been noted for the breadth of their sympathy. Everything, even the most trivial, seemed to interest them. They gave a broader meaning to the famous line of Terence than he did—"I am a man, and think nothing alien to me that interests men."

While Edmund Burke was preparing for the trial of Warren Hastings, he made an appointment with Sir Philip Francis to read over some important papers relating to the case. Sir Philip called, and found Mr. Burke in his garden, holding a grasshopper.

"What a beautiful insect is this!" said Burke. "Observe its structure, its legs, its wings, its eyes."

"How can you," answered Sir Philip, "spend your time in admiring a grasshopper when you have so many things of moment to attend to?"

"Yet Socrates," observed Burke, "if we credit Aristophanes, attended to a much smaller insect, and actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in a skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its length. Let us see."

"My dear friend," replied the impatient and unsympathizing Sir Philip, "I am in a great hurry. Let us go in, and you listen while I read these papers to you."

They walked into the house, and Sir Philip began to read to the listening (apparently) Burke. Suddenly the reader paused to find a misplaced sheet.

"I think," broke in Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed that *locusta*, not *cicada*, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What is your opinion, Sir Philip?"

"My opinion," answered Sir Philip, rolling up his papers, "is that till the grasshopper is out of your head it will be idle to talk to you of the concerns of India;" and he walked out of the house.

A Chinese Proverb.

When sabers are rusty and spades are bright;
When prisons are empty and granaries full;
When the steps of temples are worn, and of tribunals are grass-grown;
When the doctors go on foot and the bakers on horseback;
The empire is well governed.

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STRICT ATTENTION TO ORDERS BY MAIL.

OSTLAND'S Livery & Feed STABLE,
Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.
Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.
My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.
My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country.
39-3m

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS
The Stomach is Strengthened,
The liver regulated, the bowels put in proper order, the blood enriched and purified, and the nervous system rendered tranquil and vigorous by this inestimable family medicine and safeguard against disease, which is, moreover, a most agreeable and effective eppetizer, and a cordial peculiarly adapted to the wants of the aged and infirm.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally

THE NEW LE BON TON Sample Room AND BILLIARD HALL.
Choice Wines and Cigars always in Stock.
E. Drewey's Celebrated
Ales and Porter
Always on Draught. Opposite the Post Office, Main Street. Bismarck, D. T. 127tf
JOS HARF, Proprietor

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

LOCAL LEVIES.

Dunn & Co., Druggists, No. 92 Main street.

The blacksmith shops are still crowded with work.

Mr J Lenihan has started a new line of water carts.

Elder & Co. will re-occupy their old stand next week.

Dan Eisenberg's new store room is very nicely arranged.

The new tower for the fire bell is nearly completed.

"Dot" has re-opened in the restaurant business on Third street.

Dr Porter has sold two lots on Front street, Mandan, for $750.

Mr. J H Marshall will move into his new building in a day or two.

Several new water tanks on the streets. More water is what the people want.

More ladies received callers in Bismarck New Years than in Yankton.

Whitney's troupe gave a successful entertainment at Lincoln Monday night.

The Custer Hotel is crowded The fact is McGowan is one of the "good fellows"

Geo Hazen has been appointed postmaster at Ft. Buford and Mr. Mead at Ft Yates.

John Whalen is enlarging his fire proof cellar Every merchant should build a fire proof

A Mr Frame, vertenary surgeon, has opened an office in this city. He will do well

There will be a flood next year—a flood of emigrants to Dakota that will astonish the country

Several young men are wearing blue ribbon, the language of which is "almost persuaded"

Over one hundred have taken the pledge since Col Bull began the Red Ribbon movement

It is not good sleighing between Bismarck and Mandan Too much sand on the river bar

A new road to 17th Siding has been laid out and a bridge over Apple Creek will soon be built

Dan Eisenberg and Thos McGowan are figuring upon a fifty foot brick block on the burned district

The Western House is now thoroughly repaired and under its gentlemanly management is doing well.

Mr Frame's office is in Comeford & Murphy's stable He is recommended as a good veterinary surgeon.

The steam fixtures at the Sheridan House are a success The house is kept red hot from basement to roof.

Operator Gridley, of Mandan, has gone to "Baby Mine," where a new telegraph station will be established

Father Chryostom offers the upper story of the new Sisters' school building free for the use of a public library

The ball for the benefit of Mr and Mrs J. B Bailey, last evening, was a very successful affair, socially and financially

A horse belonging to the Mandan and Bismarck stage driver, dropped dead in front of Eppenger's store, Sunday

The firm of D I Bailey & Co. has been dissolved D I buys the interest of his father, J B, and will hereafter run the business

The Methodists are about building a church at Mandan. Lots, rates for lumber and liberal subscription have already been secured

Not less than one hundred head of stock have perished during the winter on the various freighting lines leading from Bismarck

Subject of discourse at City Hall next Sunday at 11 a. m., local time, 'Sunday Observance." J. M. Bull, Pastor M. E. Church

The railroad company has contracted for 10,000 tons of "Baby Mine" coal and it will hereafter be used on the Dakota and Missouri divisions

Chas. Kupitz will open again on Main street next Wednesday next to Marshall's new building. He will have as large or larger stock than before the fire

Chas Kupitz has ordered the largest and best variety of fruits ever brought to this city He will have a complete stock of fancy groceries, farmers' produce, etc

Mrs John Waldron presented her husband with a bouncing daughter a few days ago John is away, and the mother is not recovering from her illness as she ought

Miss Nellie Comeford has opened a dressmaking establishment on Fourth street near the residence of Chas. Stanton, and is prepared to do work warranted to please on short notice.

Bly was at Mandan yesterday and a rumor prevailed on the streets of that city that he was over looking for a place to put the Sheridan House—they think he will take it over on ice

The furnace being made in Rowland's shop for the new Episcopal church is a neat piece of workmanship and reflects great credit upon the genius of Mr. Oakes, who has the building in charge.

The county commissioners are through struggling on the dollar a day proposition presented by the Young-man-not-afraid of his crust and will this afternoon open sealed bids for county physician.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic is a safe and pleasant invigorant for delicate females.

Best of All.

Mandan has many resorts, but the most pleasant of them all is the new saloon and restaurant of Lush & McBratney Oysters and all kinds of game and meats served in a style only known to first class caterers

Lost.—Caution

One promissory note, given by Hugh McLaughlan to Michael Keyes, due the 28th of December The public are cautioned hereby not to purchase said note, as payment on the same has been stopped.

Mandan, Dec 28th, 1879 — MICHAEL KEYES,

By The Gallon.

Chas. Kupitz will hereafter deal in Booth's best select Oysters by the gallon instead of the can. Call and see them and know what you are buying. They are the largest and best oysters sold.

Got the Best of It.

A letter dated Dec. 28, from a TRIBUNE subscriber in the Yellowstone Valley, says that last week Miss Kate Frising had an altercation at Morgan's Ranch with another belle, known as the Murphy girl. Miss Murpy started on horseback for Glendive. where an autumn zephyr caught her. She abandoned her horse, and the mail carrier, Mr. Wm. Connor, found her in a snow-bank. Her limbs were frozen stiff, from her knees down; her hands and face were also badly frozen. He procured a conveyance, and took her to Glendive, where the kind hearted Calamity Bill (no relation to Calamity Jane) did everything in his power to relieve her until she could be sent to her relatives, who reside above there.

Stamp Your Letters.

Last week THE TRIBUNE announced that no more letters would be stamped by the postmaster at his own expense and fourteen were accordingly sent to the Dead Letter office on Monday that came in Saturday and Sunday. Heretofore all have been stamped and forwarded the tax amounting, presuming Saturday and Sunday gave a fair average to about 35 cents a day—to nearly a hundred dollars a year far too much to impose upon ones sympathy for those who blunder.

Plenty to Eat.

A man came in from the Bad Lands yesterday, who has been out there hunting all winter. He started on the 3d and brings the news that none of the men out there are starving as has been reported. The only article that became scarce before fresh supplies arrived, was flour. There has been four or five frozen to death, but generally they have been located some distance from the base of supplies.

Climed His Last Pole

A man by the name of Joe Coburn was shot Monday near Deadwood by one Wolsey. Both men were in the employ of Deering, building the government telegraph line. It is stated that Coburn was in fault and that Wolsey shot him in self defense, the bullet taking effect in the abdomen. Coburn will die.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Friday Jan 9 1880

Anderson, Chas.	King R N
Abes Jos	Morris H R
Branch, Adolph	McCurry, H T
Burns J H	Magoffin John
Frazier. N W	McCurry, J T
Dickerson, Wm.	McCurry, S A
Hunter, Chas.	Williams, Chas P
Hartley D A	

If the above letters are not called for in Thirty Days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington Persons calling for any of the above will please say "Advertised Letters," and give date of list C A LOUNSBERRY. P M

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic builds up all who have been reduced and weakened by sickness.

Choice Turkeys,

Chickens,
Ducks,
Geese,
Partridges.
CHAS. KUPITZ.

Grand Opening of Christmas Goods this week at
W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S

Just Received

Soused Pigs Feet
Tripe,
Lambs Tongues,
Pigs Tongues at
CHAS. KUPITZ.

Received.

A car load of Dressed Hogs and am able to sell at very low figures Come and see me.
CHAS KUPITZ.

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.
M. P SLATTERY,
12m4 Third Street. Bismarck. D. T.

Toilet Articles,

Perfumery, of all kinds, etc at
W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Saved From the Great Fire.

The St. Paul Branch Clothing House has been saved and for this great mercy will sell at slaughtering prices boys, childrens and mens' overcoats and suits, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS GOOD WINTER CAPS, BOOTS SHOES, etc.

Tobaccos.

Best Brands of Plug and Fine Cut, and Choicest Cigars at W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Wanted

A good girl to do general house work, to whom steady employment will be given for the winter. Apply to P M. Johnston, Cannon Ball River, or at this office.

Window Glass,

All sizes and cut to order at
W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Elegant assortment of Meerschaum Pipes. Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc., at
HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Does It by Gas.

Teeth extracted without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide Gas, at Dr. Conger's dental rooms Merchants hotel.

The Very Purest

Wines, Whiskies and Liquors of all kinds in any quantity at W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S

New Mess Pork at
CHAS. KUPITZ.

Protect your Eyes,

and save expense by obtaining Lamp Shades at
W. A HOLLEMBAEK S.

For Sale.

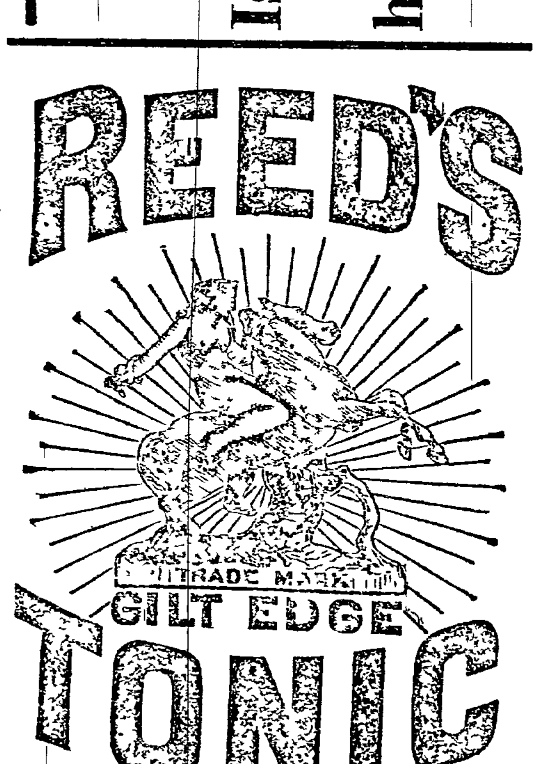
The Whitehouse saloon, No. 28 Main Street, together with the fixtures, is offered for sale. The place enjoys a good patronage and is offered at a rare bargain
30tf C. BERKLEMANN.

New Navy Beans at
CHAS. KUPITZ.

REMEMBER

The Star Clothing House,
Cor. Main & 4th Sts., Bismarck,
Is offering some astonishing bargains in Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods. Mr. Eppinger has a very large and complete stock and guarantees satisfaction to his customers.

THE PLACE



—IS A—
THOROUGH REMEDY

for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces, which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute It should not be confounded with the triturated compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

SUITS. SUITS. SUITS.
Over Coats.
Over Coats.
Over Coats.
Made to Order at the
St. P. B. C. H.

Damaged Goods

At less than Half Price
AT
DAN EISENBERG'S.
NO. 8 FOURTH STREET.

These goods having been slightly damaged by removal during the recent fire, and having been sorted from the rest of my stock I will sell them at

Less than Half Price.

Remember the Place, Rear of Eppinger's, on Fourth Street.

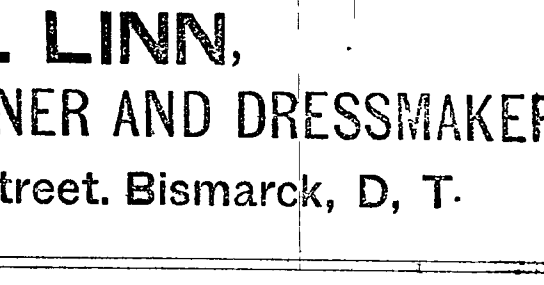
D. I. BAILEY
Has
RE-OPENED
At his Old Place of Business with a Full Stock of
HARDWARE, TINWARE, ETC.

MRS. LINN,
FASHIONABLE MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER.
26 North Third Street. Bismarck, D, T.

Bismarck Flouring Mills,
BISMARCK, DAKOTA.
BENNETT & BURT, Proprietors.
Manufacture the Choicest of Brands of Family Flour.
"PRIDE OF BISMARCK,"
AND
"BURT'S BEST"---PATENT PROCESS.
Warrantrd to give entire satisfaction. Also keep constantly on hand
Corn Meal, Feed, Graham, Flour, Bran and Shorts.
Orders given will be promptly attended to and delivered free to any part of the city.

J. C. CADY.
Furniture and Undertaking,
No. 19 NORTH THIRD ST., BISMARCK, D. T.
PICTURE FRAMES, MOULDINGS, ETC.

ELDER & CO.,
Proprietors
Pacific Saloon,
Cor. 4th and Meigs Streets.
First-Class Liquors and best brands of Cigars. Centrally located and the popular resort of the Boys. 26tf



& CO., Detroit, Mich.

HOW TO GET WELL. **Broken-down, Debilitated Constitutions.** Both male and female, and all difficult cases, for which help can be obtained nowhere else—found to be so by undeniable facts. *A True Theory. No Deception.* The practical results of forty years' experience will be shown to invalids in Pamphles and Circulars by addressing the eminently successful *Dr. Geo. W. Forbes,* 174 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 13y1eow

SEND TO F. G. RICH & Co, Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

SHERIDAN HOUSE
Livery Stable,
First-Class in Every Respect.
NEW AND ELEGANT TURN-OUTS
Hacks to all parts of the City, Boats, Fort Lincoln and Mandan
Office for the present at Ben Ash's stable cor Fifth and Thayer Streets
STOYELL & LAIR, Proprietors

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®